

Carmel Pine Cone

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CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA, MAY 20, 1927.

5c PER COPY

Oliver's Hill Will Be Fine Private Estate

Sidney W Fisk, Wealthy New Yorker, Purchases Land Near Carmel

Oliver's Hill—or that part of the beautiful slope that lies east of the Highlands roadway—will shortly be one of the finest estates in this part of California. Six hundred and five acres have been sold by Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Oliver to Sidney W. Fisk of New York, who will, it is said, build upon it his country home.

Lying just beyond the river, with a gentle slope to the south and east, this land forms one of Carmel's most beautiful abutments. Its outlook embraces valley, forest and sea,

with the old Mission in the foreground. Landscaped, as it must be, it will make not only a grand estate for its owner, but add immensely to the charm of Carmel.

Fisk is at present in the east and the sale was put through on his behalf by William A. Boekel, San Francisco attorney. W. G. Hudson, Monterey attorney, represented Mrs. Oliver in the deal.

Fisk visited the Monterey Peninsula some months ago and at that time looked over many sites for development, but settled on the Oliver property.

Dene Denny, Hazel Watrous Will Run the Golden Bough

Edward G. Kuster has signed a lease of the Theatre of the Golden Bough with Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, both well known Carmelites.

The lease begins September 1st, 1927, and is for a term of two years. It gives full and complete management of the property to the lessees. Its financial terms are not given out, but the arrangement is known to be based upon an understanding that the theatre will still continue as a community affair.

Miss Dene Denny is a musician and pianist of noteworthy ability, and has been doing concert work the past year. Miss Hazel Watrous is an interior decorator and builder,

and has been engaged in business with Miss Denny here for a number of years. They are both fine business women, and the feeling is general that the theatre will be in competent hands.

The new lessees promise only one thing now, and that is that the policy of an artistic community playhouse will be continued. Miss Denny said, "We have got had time yet even to think of a detailed future, or to consider policies or plans. The deal is just on. When we catch our breaths, we will gladly talk—or listen—and gather ideas for future use in this village theatre. But one thing we can say, we will keep it free from mere commercialism."

Anita Whitney Loses Case in Highest Court

The United States Supreme Court has declared the legality of California's Syndicalism law, and approved the sentence of from one to fourteen years that was given Miss Anita Whitney in the state courts for her affiliation with and membership in the communist labor party.

Justice Sanford in delivering the opinion said the law was within the discretion of the legislature and that freedom of speech does not confer the right to speak without responsibility.

It was proper, the court asserted, to control utterances inimical to the public welfare.

Miss Whitney had insisted that the law was an unconstitutional restraint upon her right of speech and of assembly, asserting that she had participated in the meetings in opposition to the extreme radicals and that she did not favor the change in industrial or political conditions through the exercise of force. The state contended that she had continued her affiliation with the California communist labor party after it had adopted the Chicago platform of the national organization of that party and after it had committed itself to advocacy of radical methods, including the use of force.

LECTURES ON LABOR

Mrs. Frank Conover of Dayton, Ohio, will lecture, Thursday, May 26, 1927 at three o'clock at Unity Hall. Mrs. Conover will talk on "A Significant Experiment in England," and will give her observations of the labor government of England. In the latter part of the lecture, the sex novel will be discussed with reference to Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," "Boule de Suif" by Guy de Maupassant, and the "Exquisite Perdita" by E. Barington.

Promises of Reform Have No Meaning to Melrose

Charge of Reckless Driving Lands Him At Last in County Jail

After a dizzy career in Carmel that has set a new pace for those who would follow the jazz trail, Lawrence Melrose is in the county jail at Salinas, beginning a three months sentence without the alternative of a fine. Recorder Alfred P. Fraser, before whom Melrose has made several appearances, and given explanations that failed to explain, placed the sentence against him Monday morning.

The crime for which Melrose will remain ninety days behind bars was technically reckless driving, although it had other and more serious phases. He somersaulted his car early Monday morning just in front of Sunset School, and it was carrying plenty of vinous liquid in bottles at the time. Also, its human contents were carrying plenty. Melrose was driving while drunk, it is alleged; and had in his possession prohibited goods. But he was al-

lowed to plead guilty to the minor charge.

It was only a few weeks ago that Lawrence Melrose, brought before Judge Fraser, charged with reckless driving, pleaded guilty, and was given a suspended sentence of a fine, and had his license to drive a car revoked for thirty days. At that time, too, the evidence showed a drunken party, with bootleg flowing freely, and boys of school age involved in the affair. Only because Melrose was newly married, and pleaded that this had been in celebration of the event, was he so lightly treated.

But promises of reform mean nothing to this young man. Several days ago he went to Recorder Fraser, and told him that he was unable to make a living without his permit to drive a car, and asked to be reinstated as a licensed chauffeur. Fraser took his promises seriously, and granted the plea. The result is that Melrose is now in jail.

Trees, Sewers, Cobblestones Are Seideneck's Texts

By George J. Seideneck

(Editor's Note: As the writer of this says, it isn't much use sobbing after the tree is felled; but here are given suggestions for future work,

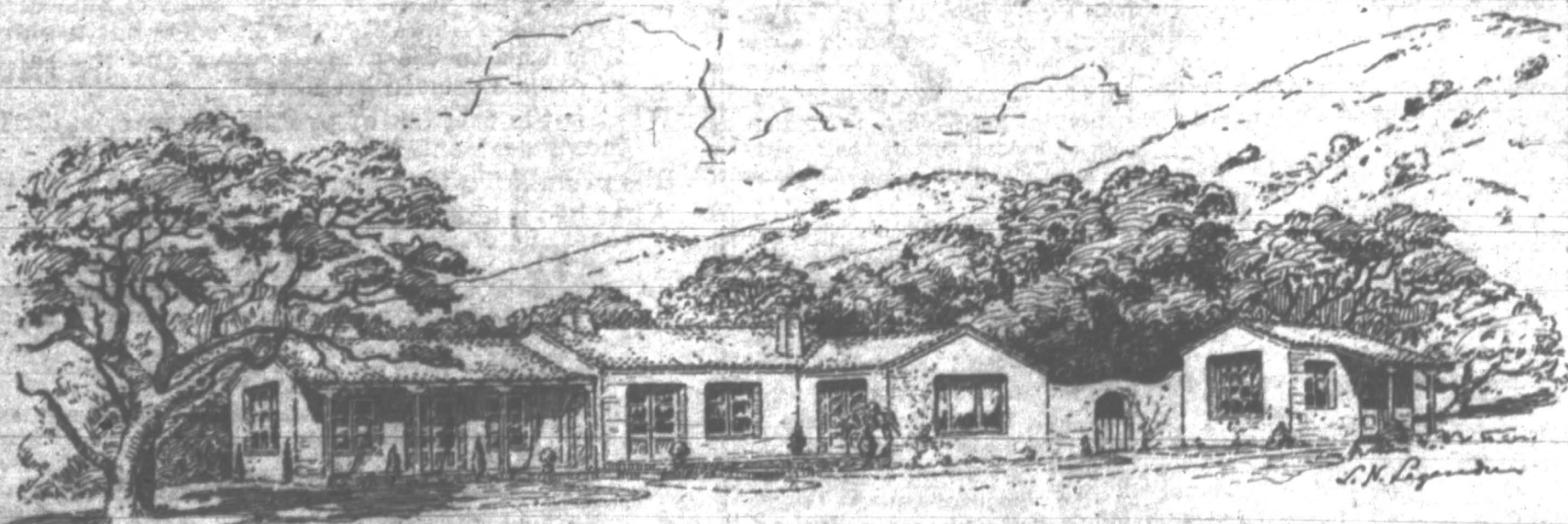
and they seem reasonable and feasible; and they come from an artist, not only on canvas, but also of landscape gardening; a man who has demonstrated that he knows his stuff; and a traveler, who has seen what other towns in other lands have done, and can do, to keep things beautiful.)

It has been a pretty bitter pill for us who love nature to swallow, seeing the beautiful oaks and great pines go down in front and beside our homes, before the gang of sewer workers and their trench digging machinery. Though we need and want the improvement that this work brings, it would seem that it might have been planned with less destruction of the trees that are Carmel's beauty.

From what was said and what I read, I was led to believe that in drawing up plans for this improvement, the engineer had considered saving trees wherever it was possible to save. If so, either his plans are not being followed, or he is a poor planner for saving trees. Already the havoc created among pines and oaks is terrific. On Junipero street they came down in a long windrow in front of the digger; and those left are being torn and rent to pieces by the scraper that is refilling the trench.

Nor did there appear to be careful planning to save the beauty of the 100 foot wide Junipero street. Except for Ocean avenue, this is the only right-of-way in Carmel of that width; it would seem reasonable to assume that it, like Ocean avenue, would ultimately have a center parkway, with a road on either side. But the sewer is not arranged for that. It goes practically down the center of the 100 foot width, taking out the trees that should have adorned the park. And when future connections are made with this sewer, the street must again be torn up, and more foliage be sacrificed. It would have cost a little more to put a sewer on either side of the

Home of the Hull McClaghrys at Los Ranchitos In Line and Color an Hacienda of Early Spanish Days



One of the most beautiful of the new homes of Carmel and vicinity is that of Mr. and Mrs. Hull McClaghry at Los Ranchitos, the subdivision of "little ranches" in the Carmel Valley at the junction of the Carmel Valley road and the Laureles owned and subdivided by Allen Griffin and R. C. DeYoe.

Mr. McClaghry has a holding of fifteen acres covered with majestic oaks. On the edge of the ravine which divides the property, and on the upper rise of the slope, sits the house, framed with trees and look-

ing both up the Valley and down ten miles to the sea.

The house is early Californian, a picturesque combination of the California Mission and the Mexican types. It is low and spreading—the color and lines of an old hacienda.

Many beautiful features are incorporated in the construction of the building, such as tiled floors, deep niches in the stucco walls, arched doors, hooded fireplaces, hand-hewn beams, and a beautiful fountain adorns one corner of the morning room.

A guest house is nearby, and connected with the main building by a stucco wall. The house is built of stucco and will look like an old adobe with its two-foot thickness of walls. This latter feature provides recessed bookshelves which will house Mr. McClaghry's very fine library.

Mr. and Mrs. McClaghry are extensive travelers, having wandered over the world last year to the extent of 35,000 miles, and they have come to the conclusion that the climate and beauty of the site they

have chosen in the Carmel Valley are superior to any in which they have previously sojourned. They came to Carmel last fall, and through their gentleness and interesting personalities have made many friends. The simplicity and informality of the home they are building is in keeping with themselves and the beautiful setting of their home.

Hugh Comstock is the architect and builder of the McClaghry home. Those who know his work know his artistry.

street, but the saving in connection costs, and of trees and beauty, would have made that extra cost seem cheap to the property owners.

I realize that the time for making complaints is past. I realize that we must, by planting new trees, and caring for them, regain our lost beauty here. The property owners with the help of the city, who have started a tree planting campaign, I understand, may be able in a few years to offset the loss of today. But I have spoken of all this as preliminary to a suggestion for the town's consideration which is timely, and to the point.

The next improvement to come before the people is, no doubt, surface drainage. We can, of course, build concrete streets and concrete curbing, which would make our friends from almost any other city in the country feel quite at home. We want them to come, and we want them to feel at home while here; but let's make them even

happier by giving them something of beauty to look at, instead of the long, straight lines of concrete curbing and gutters.

Granite stones for the curbs, and cobble stones laid in a foundation of cement for the gutters would be individual, have character, and fit with the general scheme of things in Carmel. It is a practical and not too expensive manner of building. The materials could be found close at hand. And instead of the raw ugliness of concrete, there would be the ruggedness and color that matches well with the surroundings.

Our present streets of decomposed granite will stand up much better if the problem of drainage is properly taken care of. Let us stick to this type of street in a general way; and let us begin now to plan for a cobblestone system of gutters that will forever do away with the dread of the horror of concrete.

Another Goose-Egg Makes History In Abalone League

By E. L.

Close scores, the second "goose egg" in the history of the league, and a winning home run by Bill Young for the Crescents were the highlights in last Sunday's Abalone League games in the Carmel Woods. This marks the fourth Sunday in the new league schedule, which runs until July 4.

It was an ideal day for the games.

Old Sol made his appearance just in time to see the first game at 11:30, between the Pirates and the Rangers. The Rangers, Lisle Stoney's team tried hard to avenge their defeat of two weeks ago at the hands of the Pirates, but the good team work and exceptional heavy hitting of Pryor's team gave the Pirates a close win, 4 to 3. This team, by the way, is the only team in the league with a percentage of 1000.

The "shutting out" of one of the teams a week ago was said to have been the first time an Abalone team retired scoreless. However, the old adage, "it never rains but it pours" seems to be particularly fitting in this case, for the White Sox, captained by J. F. Hanley, ended the seventh inning last Sunday against the Robins with no runs. The Robins scored 4.

The first game in the National League, between Charlie Van Riper's Giants and Charlie Frost's Eskimos proved to be a real thriller. With the score 10 to 9 in the last inning, the Eskimos came within two inches of scoring the tying run. But with Lady Luck apparently against them, they could do nothing. Max pitched a good game for the Giants, while Don Hale was up to his old time good form with the Eskimos. He knocked a three bagger in the sixth inning that brought in some runs, while Frenchy Murphy pulled the same trick in the seventh inning for the Giants.

The Eskimo-Giant game seemed to have set a precedent for the other teams in the National League, because at the end of the Red-Tiger contest it was found that the Tigers had won, 7-6. Stanley Wood, centerfielder for the Reds scored the first run, when a two bagger by Winsor Josselyn brought him across the home plate. Winsor, by the way, came within a few feet of hitting the "Show Off" sign at the edge of the diamond. Ted Kuster and Josselyn were the only others to score in this inning. Charlie Berkeley, pitching for the Reds, allowed the Tigers no runs in the last half of this inning. The Reds scored two more runs in the second, but the Tigers tied the score in the fourth when the Reds grew over-confident.

The last game of the afternoon was the best of the day. The final score, 2 to 1, in favor of Frank Murphy's Crescents against By Ford's Shamrocks, is the lowest score in the history of the league. The first run of the game was made when Murphy walked Kit Cooke with three players on the bases. The

scoring was stopped at the next play when Ray Meeks, at left field, caught a pretty fly by Glenn Leidig. In the next inning Bill Young knocked the home run that won the game. This brought George Augourt in, giving the Crescents the one run lead. This was the last run of the day. By Ford made three double plays that helped a lot to keep the Crescent's score down. Mildred Farrell, one of the girls on the team, played a good game with two hits and three put-outs.

The schedule for Next Sunday is:

National League
Shamrocks vs. Tigers.
Crescents vs. Eskimos.
Giants vs. Reds.
American League
Robins vs. Pirates.
Rangers vs. Sox.

The scores of the day are:

American League
Pirates 4, Rangers 3; White Sox 0, Robins 4.

National League
Giants 10, Eskimos 9; Crescents 2, Shamrocks 1; Tigers 7, Reds 6.

The club percentages now are:

American League
Team Won Lost Pct.
Pirates 4 0 1000
Rangers 2 2 500
Robins 2 2 500
Sox 0 4 .000

National League
Giants 3 1 750
Crescents 3 1 750
Reds 2 2 500
Eskimos 2 2 500
Tigers 2 2 500
Shamrocks 0 4 .000

MOST MODERN OF CARS

IS ONE OF THE ANCIENTS

There has been much excitement up and down the village street during the past few days, due to the appearance of a new and sporty looking yellow roadster, belonging to Edward Kuster.

There has been a rapid fire of questions, what make of car is it? where did it come from? Is it French or Italian and how fast will it go?

With an eye in the direction of the tan uniformed motor cop, Ted refuses to commit himself. This morning, however, he gave a few hints to a curious reporter as to the origin and make of the yellow car.

It is not, it appears, a new car by any means. It is, in truth, no less than sixteen years old. The curious reporter gasped—how could a car made in 1911 have such modern, graceful lines. We thought machines in those days were high, clumsy looking affairs, with right hand drive and all manner of quaint apparatus.

But the yellow roadster, it seems, was made from Kuster's own plans. In 1911 he looked ahead—and hence came the yellow roadster (perhaps that wasn't its original color). We defy Henry Ford or even Edison to have invented an automobile in that prehistoric day that would keep its youth and modern lines so well.

Kuster had the car built to order by the Stoddard-Dayton factory, with a ninety horsepower Daimler-Knight motor. It was the first left hand drive car in America.

Since then it has gone over 100,000 miles and continues to give proof of its speed and endurance.

FREE EXAMINATION OF

SCHOOL CHILDREN

Is the boy or girl you are going to send to school next term in a fit physical condition to do well at his lessons?

Here is the chance to find out. There will be given at Sunset School on Monday next, May 23, between the hours of 12 and 2 p.m., physical

examinations of children about to enter school, and without any cost to the parents. Bring or send them, and have them looked over, for

healthy and vigorous children have a better chance at school than those who are weak; and a survey now may save worry later.

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- The hotel business? General prosperity?
- Is modification of the Volstead Act the answer to farm relief—in other words, what has prohibition done to the grape grower and the raiser of cereals used in brewing?
- What is the relation of prohibition to crime? To motor accidents?
- Has prohibition increased drug addiction?
- What has prohibition done to industry?

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May 17—June 30

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Man Is Sought Now Lost Many Years Ago

If anyone knows Charles R. Reibley—or Charles Reiley, for it is thought he may have changed his name—will he let the Red Cross know? Reibley has been missing for fifty-five years.

Now his sister is old and ill, and longs to see the man who in 1872,

after some harsh words with his father, left home and wandered into the west. He was thirty years old then, and was the only brother of Sarah and Lena Reibley of Ebenezer, New York. Thirty-five years ago the father, with whom Charles quarreled, passed away.

The reason that Paul C. Prince, head of the local Red Cross has been appealed to by Mrs. Webster Ashford of Cove, Arkansas, to help find her missing uncle, is that Reibley was seen in the "foothills near a place where there's lots of fruit" in the hills of Monterey, by a friend of theirs a couple of months ago. Mrs. Ashford's letter particularly states that their friend "did not say in Monterey, but in hills of Monterey."

And this niece says that he has been leading a hermit's life, is "kind of stooped," and is now 85 years of age. He is six feet high, or nearly that, with light hair and a fair complexion. She understands that he goes now under the name of Reiley, having dropped the b from his true name, Reibley—or substituted an l for the b.

The local Red Cross has always

done what it could in cases of this kind, which are not infrequent; though usually the missing men are not so many years absent from their families. Any information that may lead to the discovery of Charles R. Reibley will be appreciated, and may be given to Mr. Prince at the Carmel Development Co.'s office on Ocean ave.

MAKES BIG HIT

WITH THE JANES
Cowboy Donald Selby, on Rats, rode into town Wednesday, in chaps and sombrero, and made a big dent in feminine hearts on Ocean avenue. He was the real thing, not a spick and span imitation of a cowpuncher. His rope coiled at the saddlebow, he leaned negligently over the pommel—or his rope at the pommel, he leaned over the saddlebow—which ever is approved by wild-west writers—and ogled the dames.

Donald Selby has just wonderful eyes. Also he is six years old. There's a combination that wins every woman regardless of age. Donald lives with his mother nights, he told our reporter, but works days at the ranch.

"What ranch?" he was asked. "Oliver's." And his pony's name, he said, was Rats.

"Why Rats?" asked the reporter. "Why not?" asked Donald Selby. "Well, Rats isn't much of a name for a horse, is it?"

"It's a good name for a horse with a tail like this horse has," said Donald. It was.

Donald is the son of Mrs. Grace Selby.

HOME-MADE PIES, CAKES

AND CANDIES SOLD
The Girl Scout Council, with the help of the girls, has planned a sale of home-made cakes, pies and candies, that should make them financially independent for life. As one of the main requisites for high honor in the organization is an ability to bake so that mouths water, and appetites are titillated, this opportunity for the people of Carmel to purchase pies, cakes, and Girl Scout candy will be greeted with open mouths and open purses.

The date of this epoch-making sale is Saturday, May 28—one week from tomorrow—and the place is the Little House, Girl Scouts headquarters, at Dolores and Eighth streets.

LOCAL RADIO AMATEUR

HELPS YACHT "VATERLAND"
The German yacht "Vaterland," while making its way up the west coast of Mexico recently, had to depend entirely upon amateur radio as a source of news and communication. Terrific static surges cut the yacht off from communication with the mainland on all but the very low wave lengths on which the majority of amateurs are located.

Being unable to raise any commercial stations, the yacht operators were finally obliged to call several Pacific coast ham stations, with which they had little difficulty in working. Press reports were sent daily to the Vaterland through 6HM, owned and operated by Colonel Clair Foster of Carmel.

Uncertain as to their destination after leaving San Francisco, officers of the yacht were extremely anxious to get in touch with Count Luckner, the owner, who was at the Atlantic hotel in Chicago. After several unsuccessful attempts, this was managed.

Reconveyance: Silas W. Mack et al to Pedro J. Lemos & wf, E. 98% ft of lots 1-3-5, Blk H, Add No. 1 Carmel.

Notice of Non-Responsibility: Southern Pacific Railroad Co., Mar. 10. Will not be responsible for any construction work, etc. of Church & Knowlton on 400x45 ft on S. P. grounds, Salinas.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS DEPARTMENT LECTURE

A meeting of the International Relations department of the Carmel Woman's Club was held on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Teare. Mrs. Frank Conover, a well known lecturer from Dayton, Ohio gave an interesting and amusing talk on "Adventure in International Friendships."

Mrs. Conover is widely traveled and spent the summer of 1924 meeting and listening to the most famous men of Europe, among them Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, Bishop Gore of Oxford, Sydney Webb and Garvin of newspaper fame. She spent three weeks in Geneva, visited the "Palace of Nations" which she referred to as "The clearing house for information of the whole world." She gave a touching picture of the present poverty and even hunger of the upper classes in Paris and of their inability to meet changed conditions. She ended by saying that the tragedy of our lives was living among the same peoples and thinking the same thoughts; that the only way out was personal contact and cultured understanding of other nations' point of view.

Following her delightful lecture, Mrs. Conover answered many questions. She will give a lecture here on Thursday afternoon, May 26 on "The Labor Government in 1924."

It was unanimously voted that this department should take a vacation of three months, from the first of June.

PRAISE FROM CHICAGO

The Chicago Tribune says Jessie Arms Botke of Carmel "has a delightfully decorative canvas in 'Bird Decoration,' a gathering of herons and swans and pelicans" on exhibition at the Chicago Galleries' association. California landscapes are shown at the same exhibition by Joseph Birren and Charles P. Killgore.

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Stray Sheets of Manuscript

FROM THE BARRICADE OF SHANGHAI

Quite evidently not a member of the International Relations Committee of the Woman's Club, or of any League for Peace, is Mabel Morrell of Carmel and Shanghai. From behind the barricade of the Settlement in that war-swept city of China, she sends out her personal defiance, and clippings from the North China Daily News, and the Shanghai Times that are warlike enough.

Miss Morrell, who has owned a residence in Carmel for more than ten years, and has spent many months here, is secretary of one of the largest insurance companies of China, with headquarters at Shanghai. Until the recent war activities about that city, she lived with her sister in a residence just outside of the French Settlement. A letter from her says:

"Everything is quiet just now in

the Settlement owing to the fact that we are barricaded with barbed wire and sandbags and the streets are patrolled by soldiers and marines. We have a protective force here of about twenty thousand men, also airplanes which are flying over us all of the time. There is constant shooting in the Native City, Shanghai proper. We have become quite callous to the sound of small battles, and life within the barricades proceeds quite as in peaceful times except that business—well, that died some time ago.

"We expect no more difficulty here until after this split in the Kuomintang is settled, and Nanking and Hankow factions have fought each other to a standstill, which will probably be in about two weeks. They may wait to have the big party on May 30th the anniversary day, but whenever they come they will get theirs. Unless the Home Governments fall down on us, and kowtow to a nonexistent Chinese Government, we shall all be well in the Settlement; if they kowtow then goodbye to my little brown house in the West, and we shall all be catching boats for the nearest port of safety.

"Don't let sentimentalism blind you to the fact that this is not the uprising of a downtrodden people; it is nothing but 'Red' madness as we have seen proven day after day.

"Think of a Nationalist Government ordering rape, murder and looting as was done at Nanking. Three Battalions were asked to conduct the job, and two refused. It was all carried out under orders, and was one of the most atrocious affairs ever known. Nanking should have been blown to bits within twenty-four hours. I am rabid, yes, I am."

THE CALL TO PLAY

By Alice de Nair

With the sun burning in the turquoise deeps of a summer sky and errant breezes from the north whirling crystal particles of brown sand from the streets and sprinkling them into the eyes of passers by, just Thursday's carol of wild birds and frantic buzz of sun-drunk bees marked our first summer afternoon.

One sunbeam can so artfully destroy the urge to work. The village lolled in the first lazy warmth of the early summer day. The air was laden with briney odors from off the sea and the fragrance of drowsy flowers filled the forest paths, that lie beneath the shade of old pine trees, with a pungent perfume that dulled all sense of wearying toil—Carmel called its people out to play.

It threw upon them that magic spell of excitement which fills a vivid imagination on a cloudless summer day. Some there were who fled from their shops before the sun

was low in the heavens, wandering out to the cool patches of yellow and blue flowered meadow land beside the river; while others sought the foam-spray of the ocean as it is carried on the winds, like a breath of incense, over the white sand dunes.

Not until the orange-gold blaze in the west faded out and the blue became purple and in the purple the mighty diadem of stars burst into brilliance with its myriad blossoms of green and white did Carmel-by-the-Sea drop its final curtain upon its first summer's play.

THE HOME TOWN PAPER

How long since you've heard from the old home town?

'S' pretty good to open up the old Weekly News, put on your glasses, and chuckle over the latest juicy bits about old Jawn Rafesnyder's new barn bein' built and dear old grandmaw and grandpaw Kelly's holdin' their reunion, you know, just like they usta when you was a kid an' like ta sneak around after they was all through eatin' and tease for a piece of cake what the church folks brought. That is, "providin'," as they say back there, your home town is in the Middle West or sort of Back East.

Whether you get the home town papers or not isn't it simply great to run into someone from the old place or find some one who knows some one you know back home? You just bet it is! You know, you've heard them say: "I'd welcome a yellow dog if it was from the old home town."

No matter how glad you were to get away, come west and learn to love the land of sunshine and ocean sunsets better than any other spot in all Christendom, and know you could never, never go back and live in the old town, you just can't help that tie that binds; that feeling of sentiment about the village with its board walks and muddy corners and the dear vine covered cottage that was HOME when you were a kid. And you never get out of the habit, for some reason or another, of keeping in touch with the old place.

Why just the other day I came upon Fred Bechdolt, whom we've all thought hailed from the Arizona desert, sitting at the wheel of his car poring over the weekly news in "The Nankato Review." "Well, well I declare!" I heard him mutter as he scanned the columns of the front page, and "Great suffering mackerel—how did she do it?" he chuckled as he gave the society columns the once over.

"I see you're from Minnesota," I ventured, stepping up on the running board of the car. He grinned and went on to say that advertising was sure picking up in the old home paper.

I took his next remark to mean that old Hez Brown who owns the Gents' Ready to Wear Emporium, had at last been brought around to signing on the dotted line for a 2-inch space "providin' he could ker-ect" the proof two or three times before it went to press.

Then there's Ferdinand Burgdorff. Somehow I've never thought of him as belonging to any other land than the Painted Desert where the redmen where turquoise studded wrist bands, but not so, not so. He's mighty proud of his native city, Cleveland, and what he doesn't

know about the home town up to date wouldn't be worth printing in the daily "Plain Dealer," the Cleveland paper that never fails to find its allotted place in his mail box. "Why say, look here" says he, "I left my home town not because I thought it wasn't big enough for me, but because I wanted to gather up some of the big stuff from other lands and bring it back with me some day. I'm strong for Cleveland and the home town news!"

Whether the seas separate you from your home town makes no difference either. Take Jimmie Hopper, for instance—holding down second place on his reading table next to his cigars is "Des Debies," the Paris Journal sent to him weekly by his brother who lives in France.

Every Saturday afternoon, as punctual as the clock, Holman Day shuffles through papers at Slevin's for his Boston "Transcript." "Why, there's not another paper like it for giving all the low-down on the high-brow stuff," he says, with a contagious twinkle of merriment in his jolly eyes.

Even as I write I hear an amused chuckle coming from behind the sheets of the "Coldwater, Michigan, Daily Reported," a wide grin from the reader at the desk beside me assures me it's a home town news.

"Great stuff," says I, giving the paper the once-over.

"Good shootin'," says he, rolling another Bull Durham.

Deed: Constance S. Lowell to Hobart P. Glassell, March 7, \$10. blk. 71, Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Deed: Leslie W. Fritz to Ralph A.

Robinson & Marguerite F. Robinson, Jr. tenants, Mar 18, \$10. Lots 15, 17, 18, Blk 92, 3rd Ad Pacific Grove.

Deed: Ambrio Artiga and wife to Frank R. Sevilla and Julia Sevilla, \$10. Sept 3, 1926. NW 1-2 of lot 11 and SE 1-2 of 13, blk. 16, Hermanns New Monterey.

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Me and Mencken

By Peggy Palmer

May 18.—Well, quite a few interesting things have been happening in Carmel lately, for instance Firey Yates, that Mrs. Halsted Yates' sunbather dog, became the mother of some lovely children. And it is hard to tell who is the proudest about it, Mrs. Yates or Firey. Then Mr. Kuster went out and

bought a darling new automobile, built something like a racing car, in fact I noticed the new speed cop looking at it quite intently.

And Ernestine Rensel is wearing her hair straight back, which this is very becoming because she has got the best looking ears. And I think this is actually astonishing, because you would not expect a really athletic girl like Ernestine to go and have some interesting ears.

And Marty Farwell has gone away on a vacation. Marty and I were planning to spend a vacation in the South Seas, especially Tahiti, in fact we paid five dollars for an Atlas at the Seven Arts, and then my family had to go and decide that I did not really need any vacation at all, because they said I did not do anything here in Carmel except nothing. This illustrates how a girl's family has no conception about how hard she works mentally reading about Mr. Mencken, in fact it's actually much harder on your brain than digging a ditch. Anyway Marty has gone to Los Gatos.

But about the most exciting thing that has happened is the way Reverend Terwilliger cut down a tree in front of his church so that his congregation would get an unobstructed view of the stained glass windows. And some people are actually up in arms about it, especially Mr. Seldenick, that an artist who cut down another tree quite a while ago.

Mr. Seldenick says if the City Trustees fined him ten dollars why they certainly ought not to let Reverend Terwilliger off, and you would be app to think cutting down a tree was an awful crime, the way it is arousing comment.

But of course I am of the opinion that Reverend Terwilliger was only doing his duty. This is because I am a very, very strict Presbyterian and, while I never actually go inside of a church, a really intelligent girl likes to know what a stained glass window looks like if she happens to be riding by on a horse or something.

May 17.—Well, last night I was in the library reading one of Mr. Mencken's best books, and I had just reached the part where Mr. Mencken says if one hundred college boys were being initiated into a fraternity with a paddle, one of them would say "Ouch" and the other ninety nine would be quite app to say "Dam."

And of course I thought this was very quaint, in fact I thought I would go in and ask papa if Burton was one of the ninety nine.

But papa was just in the act of discussing about travel with my mother, and it actually aroused my curiosity so I decided to listen.

You know Frances, said my father, I have been thinking we all ought to take a little trip somewhere. I have been pining to go back East for the last three years.

Then my mother stopped reading Mr. Work's opynuns about brigs, and she said, well for heaven's sake, Walter, why on earth didn't you say so? I have been yearning to go back East myself and I certainly would love to see the dear old home town again.

Well, then I became very amused, because the dear old home town is only Peoria, Illinois, and you can not exactly call it "back East." In fact quite a few really intelligent people seem to think it is in the middle west. But as far as I am concerned it could not be any more

if it was on top of the Alps while they were having a snow storm. Because there is only one interesting feature about Peoria and that is a railroad train to take you somewhere else.

Then my family began to make plans about this trip, for instance they planned how we would visit Aunt Harriet in Peoria, and then we would spend a week in Chicago, and then we would go down to Buffalo to a horse show, and after that we would drop in to Paducah, Kentucky, and surprise my Uncle Gus. Uncle Gus is engaged in the transfer business, and about the only redeeming feature in Paducah, Kentucky is that we do not have to pay a cent for having our trunks hauled from the train to Uncle Gus's house.

Well, at first I was very annoyed about this trip, because a really intelligent girl would naturally hate to leave Carmel just when a lot of cute college boys are getting a job as bell hops at Del Monte. And I would have to be so effeminate all summer, for instance it might look very quaint to see a girl of my age walking down Michigan Boulevard in a pair of riding trousers.

But then I began to consider the benefits which you can actually derive by the advantages of traveling, for instance when you are in Chicago you can always go out to Lincoln Park and throw elephants at the peanuts. And a girl would naturally have a lot more time to concentrate about Mr. Mencken, because there would not be anything else to do in Peoria.

So I told my parents that I would be actually tickled to death to go back East with them, and they started to write a letter to Burton, that my brother, because papa wanted to tell Burton that if he flunked out of Stanford he would be punished by having to spend the summer in Peoria, and if he didn't he would get a ticket to Peoria for a graduation present. And I know my brother will be very disturbed because he has got a girl in Watsonville.

So then my father bought some tickets for June first, and my mother said I could get a lot of lovely new clothes at the Cinderella. But I had something more important than that to do, so this morning I went down to the Pine Cone office to see the Editor, because I knew he would be actually very dejected to think of losing a really intelligent girl off the staff.

However I had thought up a lovely plan, so I said, well Mr. Newberry, it won't make much difference about my going away on a trip because I can keep right on sending in articles with a special delivery stamp on them.

Then Mr. Newberry said I should think nothing of it, because Mr. Mencken was going out of date and anyway there probably weren't enough really intelligent people in Carmel to appreciate my articles. And besides he said he did not want to print anything in The Pine Cone that was not local.

So I tried to convince Mr. Newberry that nearly everybody in town would be awfully interested to read about all the lovely places I would visit, but he said he would not even consider it unless several hundred representative people sent in a petition or something, and he did not even seem to have a twinge of conscience about the way he was ruining a really intelligent girl's literary aspirations.

So of course I might as well stop reading about Mr. Mencken, as long as I can't write about him anymore, that is unless I can get a contract with the Peoria Daily Herald.

SUNSET SCHOOL ITEMS

By Elizabeth Heamer

The Castro twins in the third grade and Charlotte Castro are going to school in Salinas for the rest of the year.

Margaret Burnett has returned to school after a severe case of measles which made her absent from school for two weeks.

Ada Whiffen is back in school, she also had measles.

Olen Campbell is absent from school with the mumps.

Elizabeth Houghton has gone to La Jolla with her mother and father but she expects to be back in Carmel next fall.

Robert Fletcher has gone to Peoria, Illinois where his father is in charge of selling Caterpillar tractors.

Hazel Anne and Robert Wright are leaving for Chicago Friday, but they expect to return to Carmel.

Gretchen and Joe Schoeninger, Francis Butler, and Betty Reynolds, and their families went forty miles up the valley to Jamesburg on a camping trip over the week-end. Gretchen has a severe case of poison oak as the result.

Flavia Flavin and Gordon Darling have entered Miss White's room. Gordon is in the fourth grade and Flavia is in the fifth grade. Flavia has been attending school in Honolulu for the past year.

The school average for the month of April is one hundred and eighty-five.

Josephine Dibrell went to San Francisco with her mother Saturday morning. She was absent from school Monday.

Miss Newman took the girls and a few of the boys to the Golden Bough to practice their songs and dances Friday afternoon.

Miss Christmas is back to school again, she has had poison oak.

Miss Andrews has been quite ill but is taking up her work again in art and manual training.

Sylvia Planner since having the measles has had weak eyes and will have to be absent from school for the rest of the term.

Deed: Willis J. Walker & wife to A. Carlyle Stoney, Feb. 25, \$10. NE 10 ft of lot 27, Blk B10, Add No. 7 Carmel.

Decree of Distribution: Est. Luigi Piazoni, dec'd to Irene Piazoni, Louis W. Piazoni, Florence Forzane, Mrs. Henrietta Nason, Mrs. Juanita Wilson, Mrs. Edith R. Escobar, Mrs. Helen D. Cordero, Mrs. Alice T. Varlen, 1-9 int each, R. H. Van De Bogart & Ines Marie Van De Bogart, 1-18 int each, Mar. 10, 787.33 acs Tulareitos Ro. To Irene Piazoni & Florence Forzane, 40 acs Tulareitos Ro. (Also mortgage of A. J. Molera Vol 2-61).

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Village News Reel

A change in the management of the Laureles Outing Club, up the valley, is announced, and hereafter George E. Schilling will be in charge. Dinners, lunches, sandwiches and cold drinks will be served.

Samuel G. Blythe of Pebble Beach leaves tomorrow for the east, and the resumption of keeping his ear to the political ground for the benefit of readers of the Saturday Evening Post.

Miss Josephine Bishop of Long Beach, formerly a member of the Jane Cowie players, was a visitor in Carmel over the week end.

The fire siren Tuesday night sent the department to Ocean Avenue and San Antonio to battle with a brush fire beside the road. It was soon out. Damages nil.

Miss Margaret Wood, student at the University of California is home for the summer vacation. Her mother, Mrs. Henry Wood, is confined to the house with a severe case of the mumps.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin James and Elizabeth Houghton left last Friday for La Jolla, where they will live for several months. They plan to return to their Carmel home at the end of summer.

Mrs. Florence Thornton spent the week end visiting friends in San Francisco. She returned to Carmel Sunday night.

Harry Lannon of San Francisco spent several days visiting friends in Carmel this week. He returned to the bay region on Tuesday.

Miss Geneva Christmas visited her parents in San Jose last week, motoring back to Carmel Sunday evening.

Edward Allan and Kenneth McCleisch, two Carmel boys, spent last Saturday fishing up the Carmel river. Edward came home with the limit of trout.

Mrs. B. E. Hopines spent a few days of last week in San Francisco on business.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Murphy entertained Miss Irma Anderson and Mrs. Edward Bickle of San Francisco for a few days last week.

Mrs. Alice R. Josselyn of the eighty acres, left Tuesday morning for the Hawaiian Islands with Mrs. Lillie B. Hanson. It is expected the

trip will last at least six weeks. While in the Islands they will visit Mrs. Katherine Larsen, who is the niece of Mrs. Hanson and remembered in Carmel as the actress in the Forest Theatre plays of 1915.

Arthur Hilbert, accompanied by Mr. Pinney, spent the week end in Fresno.

Mr. Hoffman, of Hoffman's Camp, was in Carmel Monday, planning for the opening of the camp for the summer.

Jack Bellvill and family, with Wm. Froili, and family, motored to Mr. Bellvill's cabin which is nearing completion in the Santa Cruz mountains, Sunday morning.

Virgil Kitchen and mother spent the week end in Paso Robles, visiting friends and relatives.

Charlie Gould, Robert Erickson and Arthur Walters, motored to Fresno, Saturday night on business.

John Nelkirk, entertained his brother-in-law of Oakland, and other out-of-town guests, in his newly built home, over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cooke and son David visited the bay cities over the week end.

Mrs. Lois Dibrell and Mrs. Grace Selby spent a few days the early part of this week in San Francisco on both business and pleasure.

Miss Dorothy Damianakes of Berkeley spent this week end in Carmel, arranging for dance-concert by herself and ensemble to be given at the Theatre of the Golden Bough June 24.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Ferguson of Hatton Fields left Monday for a two or three weeks trip to Yosemite valley and Lake Tahoe.

Paul Mercurio and small daughter will leave the first of next week for Pittsburg, Calif., where they will visit Paul's parents for two or three days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Fry, of Salinas, spent Sunday in Carmel with their daughter, Mrs. R. E. Brownell.

Misses Marion Greenlee, Ellen Bailey and Helen Mathieu, all "tridelta" from the University of California, and residents of Alameda, are in Carmel for a two-week sojourn. Misses Greenlee and Bailey have just graduated with the class of 1927, and Miss Bailey shyly admits she celebrated graduation by becoming engaged.

Mrs. Marie Nelson Lee, author and lecturer from Hollywood, will be

the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Guy O. Koepf for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Rask are leaving in a few days for a visit with their son, Oliver, and his family in Tacoma, Washington. They expect to be away about three weeks.

Mrs. Josephine Nichols and daughter Margaret from Berkeley, are occupying their cottage on Camino Real for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Baerwald of San Francisco are guests at La Playa Hotel for a week. The Baerwalds are friends of the David Albertos.

Miss Grace Wickham, who has been spending the week with her mother, will return to San Francisco on Sunday, where she will resume her work with the Perry Dille Puppeteers. Miss Wickham has just returned from a southern tour with the company, where they played in San Diego, Los Angeles, and in Santa Barbara, where their first adult show was introduced the name of which is "The Merry Death."

Miss Tommi Thompson has returned to her home in Carmel, having spent a week or so in San Francisco.

An interesting group comprising Earl and Lady Melville of Scotland, R. C. Baker of London and Miss Bellomy of Scotland, who have been visiting at Miami Lodge in the Yosemite, are stopping at Hotel Del Monte while visiting friends in Carmel and the Highlands.

Marietta Albright of Alameda, who has been visiting her sister, Clara Hollingsworth, for the past couple of months, left Monday morning for her home.

A very delightful birthday surprise party was tendered Guy O. Koepf at his home on Monte Verde street, Carmel, Monday evening. Following the playing of games, delicious refreshments were served. Those who enjoyed the evening were Dr. Florence Beinap, Mrs. Marie Nelson Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt Appleton and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Overstreet.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper of San Francisco are here for the summer, and are occupying their attractive home on San Antonio and Twelfth.

Birney W. Adams is leaving shortly for Pine Ridge, Tuolumne county, where he will assume his duties in the recreational work of the United States Forestry service of the Siskiyou National Forest. The work is not new to Mr. Adams, as he has been engaged in this government service before.

Last Sunday morning a number of Carmel fire department members were the guests of Captain Johnson on a fishing trip in Carmel bay. They all report a fine catch. One of the party was seasick and another got back to his family at 10 p.m. There were no other casualties.

Miss Hannah Hunter of Spokane, Washington, is the guest of her brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hunter, for a few weeks.

Dr. Emily Harrison, former Carmelites, recently returned from a trip to Belfast, Ireland, and London. She is the guest of Mrs. Louise B. Dutton for a few days.

Mrs. Oliver Harvey and daughter Frances, who have spent the winter in their cottage, left the latter part of this week. Frances going to Berkeley where she will finish a post-graduate course. Mrs. Harvey will spend the summer in Montana, where she will later be joined by her daughter.

Jack Orcutt, attorney of Carmel, has been commissioned collector of internal revenue for the district embracing Monterey, Santa Cruz, and San Benito counties, by Secretary of the Treasury Andrew J. Mellon.

The new commissioner will take over the tri-county territory formerly handled through the San Francisco office.

A number of deputy collectors will probably be named at a later date, Orcutt said, and it is estimated that more than \$70,000 worth of tax returns will be handled through the local office annually.

Miss Marion Ohm is home for the week end from San Jose Teachers College.

TO ALL HOLDERS OF SECOND LIBERTY LOAN BONDS

NOTICE OF REDEMPTION

All outstanding Second Liberty Loan 4 per cent bonds of 1927-42 (Second 4's) and all outstanding Second Liberty Loan Converted 4 1/2 per cent bonds of 1927-42 (Second 4 1/2's) are called for redemption on November 15, 1927, pursuant to the terms of their issue. Interest on all Second 4's and Second 4 1/2's will cease on said redemption date, November 15, 1927.

Holders of Second 4's and Second 4 1/2's will be entitled to have the bonds redeemed and paid at par on November 15, 1927. Such holders may, however, in advance of November 15, 1927, be afforded the privilege of exchanging all or part of their bonds for other interest-bearing obligations of the United States. Holders who desire to avail themselves of the exchange privilege, if and when announced, should request their bank or trust company to notify them when information regarding the exchange offering is received.

Further information may be obtained from any Federal Reserve Bank or branch, or from the Commissioner of the Public Debt, Treasury Department, Washington.

A. W. MELLON,

Secretary of the Treasury.

Washington, May 9, 1927.

Miss Elizabeth W. Putnam, M. A. graduate from Vassar College, and post graduate of Columbia and the University of California, will arrive from New York City on Friday to be the guest of her aunt Mrs. Austin B. Chinn for a week.

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Lois Dibrell
Carmel-By-The-Sea

Mrs. Alice Comins is leaving next Tuesday for her home at Cape Neddick, Maine, where she plans to stay for the summer months. Mrs. Comins has been living at her home on San Carlos during the winter.

Charles Clark has returned from a week end business trip to San Diego.

Ruth Austin and small daughter who have been occupying the Water cottage on Ocean Avenue and Casanova, are in Los Angeles visiting Austin's mother for a few weeks.

Adeline Grey, one time Carmelita, is here for a short period. Miss Grey's home is in Palo Alto, where she owns a home.

Mrs. E. F. Sapp has been confined to her home on Seventh and Junipero for several weeks, as a result of a very badly scalded foot.

Mrs. M. Basham has gone to Saratoga on a business trip.

Martin A. Flavin and family spent

the week end on a camping trip at their club near King City.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson had as week end guests Mrs. Wilson's sister and brother, Mr. and Mrs. John Kohler of Oakland.

Word has been received from Mrs. Biglow of the Highlands, that she will return home in about a month. Mrs. Biglow has been around the world.

Mrs. J. F. Fletcher and her three children left last week for Peoria, Illinois, where they will be joined by Mr. Fletcher. They plan to make their home in that city.

Mrs. H. F. Dickinson and her four children, Henry, Elizabeth, Edith and Billy returned last week from an extended trip to Europe. They have been away from Carmel for nearly a year. Mr. Dickinson returned to his home on the point several weeks ago.

Mr. Paul Jenks, nephew of Mrs. Maude I. Hogle, arrived in Carmel last Monday from Berkeley, where he has been visiting for several days. He plans to stay here indefinitely.

Dr. and Mrs. Frederick M. Clappett of San Francisco are here for a week in their cottage on San Antonio and Ninth.

Mrs. Lois Dibrell, of the Carmelito shop is spending this week in San Francisco.

Mrs. Frank A. Wilder and two

small children, of San Jose, are spending a week in Carmel.

Mrs. Lawrence Strauss is visiting Miss Ellen O'Sullivan at Weed High cottage on Santa Lucia.

Miss Marion Ohm, student at the State College in San Jose, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Ohm.

Red Yesterdays

THE DAY OF CANTIGNY
On Detached Service
With The French,
Crevecoeur-le-Grand, Olse,
May, 1918.

"Come quickly," said the French stretcher bearer this noon as I was getting into yesterday's operating apron — only blood-spattered here and there — and about to dash in for the afternoon surgical shift.

"The Americans," he hurried on, tugging at me, "they will not get undressed. They leap—they jump—they shout—they will not be still."

He led me down the flagged corridor to the preparation room. Through its wide door came a confusion of sound. The room was full of men. The men were full of excitement. Something must have happened. Inside we went, my guide in French horizon blue, I in apron and putts and iron shoes. And the racket kept right on. How come all these wild Americans? Perhaps at last—

"Hey, you fellows!"

That got a little attention, but only a little. They didn't know my rank behind that apron—and me only a private—and they didn't seem to care.

"You gotta calm down," I went on. "This hospital is on its ear and you're gummin' the works. How do you think we can get you into that operating room if you act like Indians?"

All but a few of the most active saw the point. They stopped leaping over cots of their more seriously injured companions, and the war-whoops died to a few lone yells. On the cots the drawn-faced wounded held fixed eyes on me. The walking cases, arms in bandages, heads wrapped like members of a mystic cult, breeches cut away for bandaged leg injuries—these faced me and said something that told history.

"We took Cantigny this morning. Took it from the Heinies—and we just gotta yell about it. Took it yellin' and been yellin' ever since!" And to show how they yelled, they started it all over again.

The First Division had attacked! Cantigny, some fifteen miles southeast of Amiens, had been torn from the Germans in a bitter fight of advance and hold-on against savage attacks. The American Army had at last done something. The long wait, the answer to French comrades' questions, the tedious preparation—and we had attacked.

"Make all the damn noise you want," I hollered, and told the litter bearer to start bringing the most serious cases down the corridor. He waved arms at the room, again in uproar, but I seized him by an arm and tolleyed him French at him about how my brave comrades had raised the devil with the dirty Boetie, and then whipped him, arm-in-arm, down the flagged hallway, and when I trodded into the high-ceilinged operating room, he was

beaming with joy and starting to tell his helper what I had said.

The Colonel was scrubbing his hands in a white basin, while the nurses were silently getting supplies heaped on tables nearby. Our operating team was preparing for a long shift. We were sleepy from the air raid of the night before, with its roaring motors and smash of explosives, and here was a stretch of intensive work ahead that only long practice had prepared us for. And then in came two more teams—the French teams—and the room quivered with activity. Intensive service schedule was on.

"What's all this about Americans upsetting the hospital?" the Colonel asked me, drawing on his awkward, thick rubber gloves that the French furnished our surgeons in common with their own.

"They've just taken Cantigny, sir. Some of 'em think they're still taking it."

"So-ho!"

The Colonel was a close student of the war. He stared down at me through those gold-rimmed glasses and slowly nodded his head and resumed struggle with the gloves.

"I heard something about it earlier," he went on. "Yes, yes. And you say they are in high spirits? Well, well," and he smiled all to himself, and turned to accept the precise compliments of the Medicine Chef—the hospital chief—compliments upon the deed of the grand Americans. Cantigny taken! But the Americans would not be quiet in the preparation room.

The Colonel turned to me. A twinkle in his eye included the white-aproned buddy who had just joined me.

"You think I could quiet them?" he asked.

"Why—yes, sir, of course. But they aren't—they—"

"Of course they aren't," he broke in. "Let them get it out of 'em before they get in here. Now let's go out and choose a really good case to start off with, sort of in celebration."

And we followed him through the curtained entrance and into the hall that was fast lining with blanketed litters. The hall was quiet, and held odor of antiseptic chemicals and tobacco smoke. But down at the end of it was a wide door, a closed door, and from beyond it came confusion of sound, a babel of yells.

The Colonel smiled that smile of his, then gravely chose his patient and started back to the white room of red repair. Deliberately he had turned his back on the noise at the end of the corridor. Down there—down there in the preparation room—were the men who had taken Cantigny, and if they wanted to tell the world about it, shouldn't it be their high privilege to do so?

And the exultant yelling, though now faint in the distance, kept right on.

Mrs. J. F. Fletcher and her three children left last week for Peoria, Illinois, where they will be joined by Mr. Fletcher. They plan to make their home in that city.

Mrs. H. F. Dickinson and her four children, Henry, Elizabeth, Edith and Billy returned last week from an extended trip to Europe. They have been away from Carmel for nearly a year. Mr. Dickinson returned to his home on the point several weeks ago.

Mr. Paul Jenks, nephew of Mrs. Maude I. Hogle, arrived in Carmel last Monday from Berkeley, where he has been visiting for several days. He plans to stay here indefinitely.

Dr. and Mrs. Frederick M. Clappett of San Francisco are here for a week in their cottage on San Antonio and Ninth.

Mrs. Lois Dibrell, of the Carmelito shop is spending this week in San Francisco.

Mrs. Frank A. Wilder and two

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Of Things That Interest This Bit of Earth

THERE IS HOPE

While there is life and reason, there is hope that the Monterey Union high school may yet be administered intellectually as well as physically (so far as its plant is concerned) by an educator; and that such an administration may begin with the next school term.

There has been nearly every irritation possible to arouse public sentiment and produce that worst of all political derangements, a school fight. It is possible that the latter has only been postponed. It is possible that the special meeting of the high school board of trustees, scheduled for Saturday, May 28, may result in nothing so far as rectification of the present situation is concerned. But there is still life and reason—and while they exist there is hope.

It has been within the power of the Carmel Pine Cone to launch the battle royal so far as Carmel is concerned. It has been within the power of The Herald in Monterey to do likewise on the other side of the hill. The readiness exists. The complete sympathy of both publications with the large number of parents interested in improving school conditions is known to the parents and to all members of the high school board. But with due consideration of the too frequently miserable results, prolonged antipathies, and lingering anarchy, that accompany and follow school reform movements that are forced by the application of ballots rather than by the use of reason and moral suasion, publicity and campaigning have been postponed in the great hope that a peaceful settlement may result and the high school system be saved from the disorder, the muck, and the years of criticisms and discontents, that inevitably follow the letting loose of campaigns of personalities and recriminations.

The high school board of trustees is divided in its sentiments. If every member of that board meets in the coming special meeting with an open mind, a desire to do the utmost that should be done to make the local high school system the best that can be made, to cooperate with the parents who really care how their children are educated, to swap ideas with cultivated people who have ideas, to preserve the morale of the school system at a time when it should not be further lowered by a downright fight—then there is real hope for a satisfactory solution and settlement.

The Carmel Pine Cone voices the opinion of the parents in Carmel when it says that they ask of the board only one thing: that an educator (in the true sense of the word) be appointed as principal of Monterey Union High school, a man with education as the background of his own training, with tested and known ability of leadership in the field of secondary education. That is enough. Good things will follow such an appointment, will be inevitable on its heels. The high school of Monterey will draw its first unrestricted breath of the clean vigor of intellectual leadership.

With patience, with calmness, with reason, this much will be asked of the high school board of trustees. Is it too much?

A UNITED EFFORT AND CHEAPER WATER

There was a peculiar situation on the Peninsula when the Monterey County Water Company petitioned the Railroad Commission for an increase of rates last December. Many consumers of water had the idea that the company was entitled to what it asked, and that the Pine Cone—with other opponents of the raise—were quite un-clubby in fighting the petition.

It wasn't sportsmanlike to oppose the demands of the water company; they were a bunch of good fellows, and our personal friends; they were members of the same

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

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The Carmel Pine Cone's circulation covers Carmel, and in addition circulates widely in the Highlands, Pebble Beach, Carmel Valley and a large portion of the Peninsula. Its policy is to print the true news and promote the welfare of Carmel and the Peninsula section.
PERRY NEWBERRY and ALLEN GRIFFIN, Publishers

CARMEL

By Theodora Gay Flanner

The first sweet blossoming of spring is here,
And all the woods are stirred with mingling scent,
A soft unfolding and green wonderment,
And little creeping winds are everywhere.

The sea is bordered with a crystal band,
Marked with shallow pools and the wind's traces;
Cupped within the eastern hills' embraces,
Woven in poppy flame, its lavish land.

TRADE WINDS

By Alyson Palmer

Here in this calm north country,
Born on the tides from afar,
Born on the tropic trade winds
Comes the sob of a steel guitar!
Scented with white hibiscus,
With ginger and passion flowers,
Fragrant the tropic trade winds
Up from those Island bowers.

Green in the depths of the koas,
Silver the lunar moon.
Softly enchanting the voices
Singing some native tune;
Southern Cross to the southward,
Diamond Head strung with stars,
Waikiki! Pali! Moana!
And the sobbing of steel guitars.

THE HOUSE OF GOD

Winifred Ayres Hope in "The New York Times"

Like to a seagull wearied in its flight,
Who finds a narrow ledge beneath the rock
Which towering guards the shore, so to the sight
The little church, crouched by the business block.
Massive skyscrapers, boasting as the tower,
Acclaim from metal throats the Calf of Gold;
Dazed by their insolence, their din, their power,
The heart grows leaden and the spirit cold.

Within the little church a hush prevails—
The brazen boasts without fall back unheard;
The spell of man's achievement dims and fails
As mightier forces deep within are stirred.
Up from the church which lay so still and low,
Man's aspirations to high heaven go.

BURIED TREASURE

By Alice de Nair

Strange is it not, how oftentimes we return
To flowered fields and find that in our haste
To pluck the choicest bloom, we did but spurn
The rarest flower of all? And so in life are traced
Our strongest ties; hidden behind a face we've known
so well
And looked upon as neither friend nor foe
We find, with eyes long blinded, therein dwell
The visions of a soul we've sought to know.

clubs and Chamber of Commerce; if they needed an increase, let them have it.

Moreover, there was no sense in fighting the increase. They had shown that they were not making what the law allowed, and the Railroad Commission would have to grant an increase so that they did make what the law allowed. Why raise any fuss? Wasn't it all among friends, anyway?

When the Pine Cone persisted, and asked that official action be taken by the city in protest to the raise, we were told that it might react disadvantageously. When we sought the help of the Womans Club to organize a consumers' protest, we met no encouragement or interest. When we asked of Monterey's Board of Trustees a motion or resolution opposing the petition, we had nothing from them but words. None of the service clubs of the Peninsula went on record as against the increase. It seemed that except for the Sardine Canners Association—fighting another battle on other lines—there was, at the beginning, very little objection to paying for water whatever the water company wanted. Which was, as we have said, a very peculiar situation.

But facts have developed that have changed opinion materially. The Commissioners' engineers, after careful investigation, find that the water company are making better than six per cent net right now; and in a new and rapidly growing field, six per cent net profit isn't bad at all. Besides that profit, the Del Monte Properties Company—who own the water company, lock, stock and barrel—have an advantageous arrangement of interests, a sort of partnership affair, by which their hotel, clubs and golf courses pay the water company nothing for all the water they want to use.

In fact, right now, instead of getting any increase, it would seem that the water company is due to reduce its meter rates on the Peninsula. A postponed hearing is set for next August, and the Railroad Commission has ordered the water company to bring before it all books, contracts or papers that will bear upon their entangled alliance with the Del Monte Properties Company. Quite evidently Commissioner Loutitt sees the possibility of other consumers being assessed for the water used for Del Monte purposes, and perhaps he doubts the justness of it. Anyhow, with a united effort now of the three city governments, and of every service club, and organization of water users on the Peninsula, a new and lower rate, more in harmony with other towns, can be secured here; and water means life to plants and the beauty of garden and lawn everywhere.

FIX A DEFINITE POLICY

Monday night there will come before the Board of Trustees two petitions, signed by residents or land owners of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea. One petition will ask for a definite thing: that the Trustees order a special election for the issuance of bonds to build a recreation center in conformity with plans submitted, upon the city lands where the bathhouse now stands.

The other petition will oppose this petition without special reference to whether the opposition is to the whole idea, or to some part of it. Most of the opposition seems to be to the location on the beach, though there is plenty to the size of the bond issue that will be required to build according to the submitted plans. However, as the matter now stands, all that is before the Trustees is a definite proposition, with plans drawn, and with location established and a protest to it. The plans, according to their proponents, will require from \$85,000 to \$100,000 to put through.

There is nobody authorized by the pe-

The Editors Comment--For What It's Worth

tioners to change those plans in any way, or to remove the building petitioned for from the location named. To make alterations in the detail would require a new petition. This whole proposition was passed up to the people of Carmel by the Womans Club without other endorsement than is in that action. Now no officer, or committee, of the Womans Club has the right to speak for the petitioners, who are signing not as members of any club or organization, but as qualified electors of Carmel.

The Pine Cone wants the Trustees to take action upon the petition as it stands—as it must stand—and not upon any amended or substituted petition. We want an expression of Carmel's governing body upon beach encroachment in this form. If there can be placed upon the books, by resolution or motion, the statement of a policy holding the city's waterfront properties free from buildings of any kind, it will serve to establish the future of the beach, and give succeeding Boards of Trustees something to guide them in their actions.

CONVICT, PERHAPS: CRIMINAL, NEVER!

"I still, and always will make peaceful protest against conditions which obtain in our political and economic system, even if I have to suffer prison for my opinion."

These words, said by Anita Whitney, in her home at Carmel Monday last, are probably as brave and as honest an exposition of one of the first principles of the Constitution of the United States and of the foundation of American liberties as any ever spoken.

"Peaceful protest against conditions which obtain" can not make a criminal of anyone. Yet the Supreme Court of the United States has just rendered a decision that confirms a sentence of from one to fourteen years in State's Prison for Anita Whitney, who has personally never done anything more criminal than make "peaceful protest against conditions which obtain."

But the Supreme Court of the United States, in making a convict of Anita Whitney, may not make of her a criminal. Nor would America's highest tribunal call her such. That the law under which she stands convicted is constitutional; that in the records of her trial there shows no violation of her constitutional rights, the supreme court may say, and therefore the sentence must stand.

Yet she is not, by this affirmation of the law and its sentence one whit more a criminal than when, before she made "peaceful protest against conditions," she was one of California's noblest women and greatest philanthropists.

would be empty, and beside each table; the shelves were kept orderly; and even my own desk and drawing-table were neat when I arrived at work, no matter how I had left them at night. No janitor ever did this; no janitor would have dared touch my desk; Marie, I discovered, was coming half an hour early to sweep and clean up.

And she got surprisingly better with her drawings, especially with supplement stuff. On a local detail she would fall down badly, but given a Saturday supple lay-out, and it would be turned in ready for the etchers, and a pretty decent grade of work. She was, I thought, learning fast. Everybody in the art room liked her, but none of the boys seemed particularly or individually interested. Even I began to think she might do, for she was willing and anxious to work, and not a flirtatious gleam in her makeup. It wasn't her fault that she had marvelous black eyes, and the longest lashes that ever came into a newspaper office, and an engaging smile of red lips and pearly teeth, and a pliant, lithesome figure, and couldn't draw worth mentioning.

Even when I found out that her good work was done by one or other of the boys, who would stay after hours to give her sketch the lines it needed to get it by, I didn't complain again. If it had been one artist only, I might have objected; but they seemed to take turn about, remaining after she had left, and tackling the layout on her bristol-board. Warren remarked, as I turned in one of her drawings,

"Versatile, isn't she?"

"Yes," I said, "improving fast."

"No two look like the same artist's work. I'd guess that Rogers did this one." I didn't say anything. He went on, "And the last one was Reynolds', wasn't it?"

"She turned them in to me," I evaded.

"Maybe I'd better transfer her to a writing job. You shouldn't be handicapped."

"She's not so bad," I cut in. "She has a good influence in the room. If the boys are helping her, they do it on their own time. Let her alone."

Marie Felling was an artist on the Post for a number of months, and kept the art room neat and sweet; and everybody loved her; and we all gave a hand at getting her by. My wife, coming to get me for dinner at Coppa's fell in love with Marie, her sweetness or neatness, and so the girl became a part of the center table in that famous restaurant in the Old Montgomery Block.

It was the custom there, whenever a new girl was introduced to the table, to vote upon her, of course without her knowledge. It was done just before cheese and coffee was served. At a signal from the end of the board, each right hand was placed, either with thumb up or down, upon the cloth.

Few were the girls who got by with a majority of thumbs up; Isabel Fraser, Maisie Griswold, Butsky, Anna Brunsky and her sister Rose; Marie Felling won through with almost unanimity. Xavier Martinez, Porter Garnett, Malcolm Fraser, George Sterling, Harry Lafler, Gellert Burgess, Herman Whitaker, Jack London, Austin Lewis, perhaps a dozen more, with all the girls, had given her votes.

Garnett Holme talked recently to San Francisco's Down Town Association.

Perhaps because its motto is "1,000,000 in 1930," Holme gave them what they could understand, an advertising talk. He said,

"Spectacles such as the Mission and the Pilgrimage plays in Los Angeles, the Indian pageants of Yosemite Valley and 'Ramona' at Hemet have a powerfully attracting influence on that large army of people who own automobiles and do not know where to go for pleasure tours," he said. "To them a historical play means more than advertisements or pamphlets. They come to enjoy; they remain or invest, for they see the land itself, with all the advantages it offers."

"Hemet recently made \$18,000 out of its Ramona pageant and attracted thousands to the San Jacinto Valley." San Francisco, which is richer in traditions and historical backgrounds than most places in California, is doing practically nothing to advertise in this manner.

"The mountain play on Mt. Tamalpais is a beautiful spectacle. Nowhere else in the West can we find such a theater as that where the mountain play has been given year after year. Yet only a few of the faithful attend it. The annual performance should attract great crowds. One day it will, when it is properly advertised."

"This year's performance, 'The Gods of the Mountain,' by Lord Dunsany, should bring people for hundreds of miles around," Holme said. "It is a powerful and beautiful drama and will have a marvelous setting on the slopes of Tamalpais. But what we need is a yearly pageant for San Francisco. We should make our gorgeous history and legends live in pageantry and not let our heroes and traditions moulder in oblivion."

Marianne Mathieu Wilson, daughter of the late Frank Mathieu, who produced many of the San Francisco Bohemian Club High Jinks in Bohemian Grove, and coached Ruytmeyer and Alladin in Carmel back in 1913, is taking an important part in 'La Primavera, Los Gatos' pageant-drama of this summer.

Mrs. Wilson is well known in Carmel, where she has been a frequent visitor since the year that she took part, as a child, in the activities at the Forest Theatre. She is a dancer of rare ability, and a clever actress, and Arthur Cyril, producer of the Los Gatos affair, is to be congratulated upon securing her for the important female role.

Carroll Sandholdt, University of Southern California student, planned a unique surprise for his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Sandholdt of Monterey, when they celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at a dinner party several nights ago.

Young Sandholdt broadcast a special musical program over station KFI in Los Angeles, himself singing several appropriate numbers. He is well known about Carmel, having sung in the Mikado and other local productions.

The Rev. Austin B. Chinn, rector of All Saints Mission is in Oroville and Red Bluff on a business trip. Sunday morning the services at the church were conducted by W. O. Covington. The offertory "Spirit of God," was beautifully rendered by Miss Mary Wheldon.

People Talked About

A writer who, paradoxically, never writes is Grace MacGowan Cooke, author of "The Man Behind the Mask," just out from the press of Frederick A. Stokes Company. From preference Mrs. Cooke does all her work by means of dictation. She began telling stories at the age of six and has ever after chosen this method of expression. She holds that the origin of all fiction was the spoken word, when the story-teller spread his mat in the courtyard of the castle, or at the Oriental street corner and the listeners gathered round to be entertained.

Mrs. Cooke dictates her stories to a stenographer, beginning with a rough draft, revising by dictation and then having the finished copy made from the revision.

Dorothy Drake, ten years old, is the daughter of Grace Wallace whose verse is well known to poetry lovers everywhere. Heredity may account for a phrase such as "the nectaring bee." Dorothy has original and poetical ideas frequently, and her mother who dreads precocity, and fears a prodigy, has to curb the young poet. Verses of Dorothy's have appeared in several of the poetry magazines.

A MOON-GIRL

A moon-girl sang a song to me
As she danced on the Moon, high on
the sea.

Her wild songs made me long to flee
Back to the rose and the nectaring
bee.

On the wild-rose hillside
Where bees call at noon-tide—
That's the place I would sing,
Where the Mission-bells ring.

A few nights ago, getting home, I found a penciled card slid under the door that told me that Malcolm and Marie Fraser had called in our absence. Passing through Carmel, evidently, and where from, the card didn't say.

The last I had heard from Mal-

colm Fraser, he was director general of San Francisco's Diamond Jubilee a couple of years ago. Before that—and likely since that—he was in charge of the Pasadena Rose Tournament, and of other great pageants and civic celebrations. And long before that, in San Francisco, he was a newspaper man; and way back, when I first knew him, he was an angel-faced choirboy in an Episcopal Church in San Francisco, brother of Isabel Fraser, whom everyone knew.

And Marie Fraser—then Marie Felling—first came within my knowledge when Clarence Warren, city editor of the Evening Post, told me that I was to have a new artist in my department on the paper; a woman artist. I said,

"I don't want her. I won't have girls in my room, Warren. They're bad business in a newspaper art department."

"Got to have her," Warren growled. "The owner hired her."

"What's he butting in for?"

"Went to Oxford with her father. Classmates. Now the father's dead, and his girl gets a job on the paper."

"Make her a reporter then," I demanded, but Warren shrugged his shoulders, and said the owner wanted her in my department. No use complaining. Make the best of it.

Marie Felling came to work next morning. She was as beautiful a girl as I have ever known in a long life. A brunette, tall, graceful. She knew as much of newspaper drawing as a few months at an art school could teach one; which is nothing. She would, I knew, demoralize as good a bunch of male artists as there was on any afternoon paper in the west. There were bound to be jealousies and discord. Having worked hard to make this art department efficient, I hated the winsome Marie at the start.

Of course she made mistakes and blunders. I let her. I ordered the

men to leave her alone, and refrain from helping her out. More or less they obeyed me. I took her blunders and awful drawings to Warren, with,

"Take her away. She'll never do. Fire her, or put her at something else."

And finally Warren, looking at some extreme instance of her inexperience, one that couldn't be rectified in time for the paper, sorely exasperated, cried,

"She's fired, Perry. I'll tell her now."

He hot-footed to my art room. I waited by his desk in his room, not anxious to see her sweet face gloom with the blow. Warren didn't come back, so I returned to my table. Marie was still there, but Warren wasn't; and Marie, her face not a bit unhappy, worked over a drawing-board. I asked her,

"Did Warren see you?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Asked me if I'd care for tickets to the Tivoli tonight."

"That all?"

"Yes. Was there something else he should have said?" Marie lifted the longest and blackest lashes that ever curled over great eyes to look surprise at me. I grunted for answer.

Clarence Warren—he is dead now—was one of the bull-dog kind of city editors that are more often in stories than in newspaper offices. I couldn't believe that he would funk firing anybody, but when I finally located him in the make-up room, he shamefacedly admitted it. "Give her another try," he growled.

I am not one who quickly notices neatness in my surroundings, but I couldn't help seeing that the art department was a much different place to work in since Marie's initiation. The floor would start each morning free from papers, scraps of blunders. I let her. I ordered the bristol and art rubbish, wastebaskets,



SAN FRANCISCO EXHIBITS OF INTEREST IN CARMEL

These art notes, lifted boldly and boldly from Robert H. Willson's Column in the San Francisco Bulletin, are of interest in Carmel:

Three new canvases by Ritschel were hung in the main gallery at Gump's last week. They reveal a growing vigor and maturity in the work of a painter already assured of a place in the front rank of California artists. Ritschel has caught the secret of the restless sea and translated it into a picture that is full of sound and foam.

A collection of photographs by Dr. Arnold Genthe on exhibition at the Palace of the Legion of Honor is attracting the attention of many old friends as well as admirers of camera art. Dr. Genthe's record of the old Chinatown in collaboration with Will Irwin's pen pictures is a prized item in many well-chosen libraries.

This time Dr. Genthe is dealing with old New Orleans, the other of America's two most picturesque cities. The southern city is becoming modernized more slowly but quite as completely as San Francisco. Dr. Genthe's photographs will be appreciated equally by the historian and the artist.

The Modern Gallery on Montgomery street will be occupied for the

coming two weeks by an exhibition of children's work done under the direction of Ruth Cravath and Marian Trace. Starting in as moderns, it will be interesting to see what direction the children will take. The pupil is allowed all sorts of liberties in the interest of self-expression before he has anything to express. It is much easier to whistle an air than to learn the fingering of a piano. Speed is demanded today at all costs.

Criticism of the Eugene Neuhaus exhibition at the Palace of the Legion of Honor: "If one could judge a work of art merely from the standpoint of technique, these paintings would deserve eulogious comments, but there are other factors which contribute to making a real piece of canvas." If one cannot understand pictures, he should sit at the feet of the critics and learn how to be eulogious.

CONCERT OF NEW MUSIC

Dene Denny, exponent of all-modern-works for the piano, will offer a concert of new music at the Theatre of the Golden Bough June 3. The concert will feature works of Malipiero, Honegger, Ornstein, Goossens, Kodaly, Bartok, Rudhyar, Tchereptine, Poulenc, Schoenberg, Scriabin, Cowell.

Miss Denny is splendidly equipped for such an undertaking, having centered her interests, for the last five years, in the modern movement. She has been building up a library of modern scores and kept in close touch with contemporary productions in Europe and New York.

Following her concert here, Dene Denny plays in San Francisco, under the management of Ida Gregory Scott.

BLOCK PRINTS AT CARMEL GALLERY

Among the new pictures received this month by the Carmel Art Gallery are several unusual and colorful hand block prints by Mildred Collier, and by Perham Nahl.

The block prints are done with excellent craftsmanship, each containing at least four or five different colors. The collection consists of several still life studies and a marine.

Perham Nahl, a member of the University of California Art Department, is well known all over America for his etchings. He has done something unique and beautiful in these latest two, "Cypress Tree," and "The Redwoods."

Another still life in oils by R. Covington has been added to the gallery, as well as two paintings, "Cloudy Day" by Cornelis Botke and "Cornish Meadows" by C. Chapel Judson. "Evening Tide," a marine by R. Clarkson Colman, and "Still Water Cove" by Elizabeth Strong complete the list of new paintings.

DRAWS FACULTY MEMBERS

Peter Van Valkenburgh, who does such splendid portraits in charcoal, has recently completed portraits of several members of the University of California faculty. These he is exhibiting at the Faculty club. The exhibition is open to the public.

MORGAN PAINTINGS WILL BE SHOWN HERE

M. DeNeale Morgan returned to her studio in Carmel last week from Oakland, where she has been working on a decoration for the Charles G. Story Company in that city. The painting is a scene from Upp-Placent looking over Oakland and the San Francisco sky line.

Miss Morgan is planning an exhibition of her paintings at the Claremont Hotel Art Gallery in the early fall, which will last three weeks. Another exhibition for the fall will be held in Los Angeles or Pasadena. Miss Morgan stated that her paintings will be on exhibition from now until the end of summer at her studio on Lincoln Street.

OF LOCAL INTEREST IN THE MAGAZINES

Further articles and stories written by local authors may be found among current magazines at the Seven Arts Shop:

In the Saturday Evening Post of May 14th is one of Harry Leon Wilson's articles, "The Green Land"; in the May Scribner's Vernon Kellogg has contributed another delightful article called "Neighbors"; "The Patriot" is the title of a Hugh Wiley story to be found in the June Red Book, while the June Cosmopolitan features a tale from the pen of Kathleen Norris entitled "The Shortest Way Home."

THE BEST SELLER FOR 1926

To give local authors, who draw semi-annual royalty checks, a proper sense of humility, we quote from the American Bible Society's bulletin: "A new circulation record of nearly ten million volumes of the Bible, in whole or in part, is accounted for last year by the board of managers of the American Bible Society. The exact circulation was 9,917,361 volumes, an increase of 600,000 over 1925. The increase alone exceeds the sales of any of the so-called 'best sellers'."

HE SELLS PICTURES LIKE HOT CAKES

Joseph Gill-Martin, noted New York painter, who is at present sojourning on the peninsula, has the distinction of having sold an entire collection of twenty-five paintings within ten days following the opening of his exhibition at the Thurber Galleries in Chicago.

Mr. Gill-Martin, who came west to execute an important commission from a prominent Chicagoan, is much taken with the country about Carmel and plans to spend much time here in the future.

So far he has rather specialized in New England landscape, and has done many pictures of the beautiful Robert Lincoln estate in Vermont. That country, with its forest vistas and its deep shadowed rocks, holds great fascination for the artist and in his many canvases he has caught the ethereal simplicity and chaste spell that is New England.

FLOWER PAINTINGS AT CARMEL GALLERY

An exhibit of the decorative flower paintings of W. C. Covington will be held at the Carmel Art Gallery beginning next Wednesday, May 25, and lasting until June 1.

Sheriff's Certificate of Sale: H. R. O'Bryan et al. by sheriff to F. E. Trask, Feb. 14, 1926. Lot 3, blk. 9; lot 1, blk. 14; lot 8, blk. 12; lot 4, blk. 28; lots 15-17-19, blk. 18; lots 2 and 4, blk. 25; lots 1 and 2, blk. 22; lots 16 and 18, blk. 32; Vista Del Rey Tract, Lots 1 to 5-7-11 to 13, blk. 2, Sunshine Park Tract. All blk. 14, exc lots 1-4-8-8, East Monterey; Lots 9 to 14-16-18, blk. 20; lots 1 to 7-13-15 to 18, blk. 21A, Villa Subd. lots 2 and 3, Ro. Noche Buena. Lots 1 and 3 to 21, blk. 7; lots 2-4-6-8-10-12-14-16-18-20, blk. 9; Map 1 Hot Springs Tract. Lots 3-4-9-11 to 16-20-22 to 37, blk. 1; Map 2 Hot Springs Tract.

Deed: Albert Bourdon & wf to H. L. Brownell, Mar. 31, 1910. Beg at a pt on S. line blk 11, Oak Grove, Monterey, dist. 199 ft. W. from SE cor blk 11; & run th N. 121 ft. th W. 40 ft; th S. 121 ft; th E. 40 ft to beg.

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Announcement

Exhibition of Decorative
Flower Paintings

By
W. C. Covington

At Carmel Art Gallery,
San Carlos at Fourth
May 25 to June 1, 1927
OPEN TO THE PUBLIC
11 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Barber Shop Ballads

By Winsor Josselyn

A flock of open roadsters, filled with summery young people, went down Ocean Avenue past the tiny barber shop.

"I was just thinkin'," said old Al, town oracle, as he looked out through the vine-framed doorway of his shop, "that this year the San Francisco boys are goin' to make our own lads hustle to keep the Carmel girls to themselves. Competition is gettin' somethin' fierce, from what I hear the young bloods say."

The dignified barber was engaged in putting proper edge on a pair of shears, a task requiring skill and sureness of touch. But he made encouraging comment and let Al have silence to continue in.

"Hmmm," said Al. "I was just supposin' that this was back in horse and buggy days. Wonder what the Carmel boys would do to keep up appearances, instead of breaking out with new automobiles and motor boats and such like?"

"Take Jim Doud, for instance. I can seem to see him on a swell new chainless bicycle, say a Pierce with a cushion frame, and lots of nickel plating. Nothing like a Pierce chainless, in them days, for a gentleman to excite the neighborhood with; and anybody who could excite the neighborhood could naturally excite the girls that was in it. Mebbe ride 'em on the handle bars, too."

"And helpin' him to keep people on their front porches would be Billie Hudson with his mountain-broke mustangs and a new varnished buckboard. There'd be Bill, a-standin' up on the seat in his linen duster and hollerin' at them animals until the street would be dust from one end to the other. And how the folks would talk, and caution their young ones to stay close to home."

The barber made monosyllabic remark about the edge of a shaver blade that would cut a thumb like a razor.

"After a while," continued Al, "along would come a mighty neat turnout driven by Fred Godwin, say a Manchester Trap. You know, one of them classy things that's high and out of the dust and seat perhaps four at a crowd. Got a crank to work the brake and all the latest tricks to keep it from turnin' over on the corners. Because a Manchester Trap, while it's high and stylish, is sure built for speed in the hands of a lad like Freddie. And

exclusive? Say, you don't see 'em outside of horse shows.

"Mort Henderson, comin' over the hill from Monterey like he does, and playing on the Carmel team, so to speak, could probably borrow that dandy family phaeton from his folks and give everybody the air. Nothing quite like a comfortable phaeton with a ribbon on its whip and a new whip socket to keep it in, when you think of competin' with them dudes from the big city. And Mort knows his onions when it comes to aarin' the newcomers."

"I bet you that Jack Jordan would have a three-gaited saddle horse. Gallop and trot and whatnot, and it would take a jockey on something thoroughbred to catch him if he really wanted to get somewhere."

"Al paused while the barber hunted through several shelves for a pair of spare shears. Finding them in his coat pocket, he remarked that somebody must have put them there while he was busy with the last customer, and began sharpening them."

"Now, Frank Murphy would be sort of a problem. Still, I can seem to see him in a fringe-top surrey with a spanking pair of bays. And if you ever saw a fringe-top surrey go down a crowded street in summer, its horses a-steppin' high and pretty, you know that Frank would be able to ride with nearly any good-lookin' girl he wanted to."

"And then up the avenue would come Tom Hooper with that there new sulky and the horse he's been admirin' so out at the Del Monte racetrack. I mean that side-wheeler named "Dust-and-Go." And dust and go would be right if any of them city fellers tried to keep up with him."

"So let 'em come down from the north, from their schools and their offices, whether its Charlie Fay, or Freeman Tilden, or Koke Pawker, or Porter Benson. Yes, I'll stake our lads against 'em, even if they import Clint Erb and Herb Falkenham and Bill Deems the Junior. Because when a little place like Carmel gets up and goin', it takes something more than considerable to stop it."

"Look out, you big towners, that's all I got to say."

Al got to his feet as if a fire had been lighted under the chair. His eyes were on something in the street outside. The rest of Carmel was also looking, and it was as if Al's vision of the past had suddenly come to

life. A tandem bicycle, with "Crimson Rims" written large upon it, was being pedaled past the door.

"Well, don't that beat all?" said Al to the barber. "A tandem bicycle in these days. And did you see who was in its saddles? Well, Ralph Todd was at the handle bars, goin' light on the pedals because he was doin' the steering. And in the power seat behind was Tad Stinson, pumping for all he was worth."

Al stepped outside and gazed down the street.

"Gorry, lookit 'em go! Bet they don't stop until they get down on the sand dunes, the speed them young dare devils is makin'."

And Al, hopeful of seeing more of this happy picture of days bygone, went down the street at just under a trot.

Deed: Frank O. Massie and wife to Veterans' Welfare Board of Cal.

Feb. 24, \$10. S. 10 ft. of lot 20, all lot 22, Met. Sub., blk. 55, Monterey. Deed: Meta Inv. Corp. to Margaret L. Eder, Feb. 25, \$10. Lot 56, blk. 57, Wilshire Ave., Monterey.

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The manner in which this property has been prepared for the market, and the enthusiasm with which its offering has been accepted by that part of the public interested in the joy of living that the countryside offers, have demonstrated that Los Ranchitos has been one of the outstanding features of the year.

You are cordially invited to inspect Los Ranchitos, lying on the north of the Carmel Valley road, where the Valley road is entered by Los Laureles road, 11 miles from Ocean Avenue, Carmel, 14 miles from Monterey. Enter by the gates to the graded roads, driving in from Los Laureles road side.

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Spotlight and Back-stage

Chorus of Forty Men In "If I Were King"

By Susan Porter

Forty male voices singing the Chorus of Vagabonds with its dramatic swing. Forty male voices dying off into the distant forest. Forty male voices coming back, nearer and nearer, louder and louder, with the impetus of trumpet and drum—yes, of course we're talking about "If I Were King" at the Forest Theater on Fourth of July.

If you haven't heard that gorgeous chorus from The Vagabond King, that new light opera based on this play, ask your music store to play the record for you. It's good; one of those gallant, martial, swinging things that can take possession for a while of the musical memory of a whole nation. The army of Louis XI marches off singing it when they go to fight the Burgundians, and all the populace of Paris—all that the Forest Theater stage can hold—will sing it with them at the end of the third act. And in the fourth act, when they come back victorious, it is this chorus that heralds their coming, far-off in the forest, coming nearer and nearer, louder and more triumphant, forty male voices singing together in the night.

Fenton P. Foster, whose energy and enthusiasm are a constant mar-

vel, has all this in his capable hands, and men all over the Peninsula are enrolling, glad of the chance to sing such stirring music under his direction.

For the romantic scenes between Villon and Lady Katherine, there will be just a soft suggestion of musical background, melody "hanging in the air," Mr. Foster calls it, impalpable as mist, yet establishing color and mood. "Only a Rose," the lovely air from the same opera, swaying, tender, sweet as honey-drippings, fairly lush with romance, will be used there, softly given by muted strings, while Katherine stands among the rose-trees and Villon dreams of a rose of joy.

Rose-leaves on the grass, music in the air, young love in the heart—and what weather prophet dare predict a bad night?

FERBER COMEDY "MINICK" WITH REGINALD TRAVERS

Tonight's performance of "Minick," Edna Ferber's comedy, by the San Francisco Players' Guild, will be of special interest in the fact of the return to the stage of Reginald Travers, the Guild's highly capable director. He will play the title role and will be supported by a specially selected cast.

This amusing play has not yet been seen in San Francisco, but after the Guild engagement at the Theatre of the Golden Bough it will be performed as a post-season production in the Guild's new playhouse in San Francisco. At the time of its New York season it was accorded one of the highest places in the theatre year-book. Its only production heretofore in the west has been by the Santa Barbara Community Arts Association at the Lobero Theatre.

"Tarnish," tomorrow night's play, is of an entirely different quality, being a highly emotional drama of modern family problems in America. The leads are in the capable hands of Cameron Prudhomme, whose brilliant "Lillian" last season made it the outstanding Guild production of the year, and Richenda Stevick, whose excellent work as Ina Bowman in "The Bride of the Lamb" has already established her in Carmel as an actress of distinction.

"Tarnish" has had a very successful run in San Francisco, being the Guild's final offering of the regular season.

ELSA HEYMAN COMING

Carmel will shortly have the pleasure of hearing a musical and dramatic program presented at the Theatre of the Golden Bough by Miss Elsa Heyman, San Francisco girl who has just returned from triumphs in New York City.

Miss Heyman has appeared in the east with such well known players as Margaret Anglin, Elsie Ferguson, and her programs were very successfully presented at The Triangle, the Poetry Forum and the International Club, receiving favorable comment by New York critics.

In Miss Heyman's lyric and dramatic tableaux, she expresses, through the medium of voice, color and music, the emotions of mankind. Some of her recitals include the works of Amy Lowell, Robert Herrick and Edward Carpenter with musical arrangement.

Cast and Public Show Enthusiasm in Play

Advance sale of tickets for "The Show-Off," although the pasteboards have been on sale for only a few days, has broken all records for a production by The Carmel Players and it is to be expected that there will be an S.R.O. sign hung out early in the game at the Arts and Crafts theater for the evenings of May 27, 28 and 29.

And the enthusiasm of the play-see the most recent rehearsals. He

ers is keeping pace with the ticket sale, until George Ball, the director, has declared that he has never had the joy of dealing with a more willing and promising cast since he started work among Carmel amateurs.

That Marian Todd will outdistance any of the very fine work she has done in the past in the part she assumes in "The Show-Off" is a foregone conclusion. She is putting more study and determination into the part than she has ever displayed before and she has been notable as the most conscientious of the local players. The "Mrs. Fisher" of the comedy gives her a remarkable opportunity for displaying her rare ability as a character actress.

"Woody" Rowntree is admitted to be a scream in his part on the unanimous opinion of those who have been granted permission to see the most recent rehearsals. He

is sure to star in the role of "Aubrey Piper."

Rhoda and Richard Johnson have jumped into the work of stage setting and lighting and they expect to produce unusually appropriate effects for "The Show-Off."

The tickets are on sale at the Palace Drug stores in Carmel and Monterey and at Stanford's in Carmel.

CHILDREN WILL DANCE

AT THE GOLDEN BOUGH

Over one hundred school children will take part in a "Program of Song and Dance" that will be given at the Theatre of the Golden Bough on Monday night, June 6, under the direction of Ruth Austin, who is coaching the dancing, and Miss Pauline Newman who will have charge of the singing. The receipts

Theatre of the Golden Bough

The SAN FRANCISCO PLAYERS' GUILD in
TWO PLAYS

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AN AMERICAN COMEDY
By Edna Ferber and George Kaufman

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"God Gave Me 20c"

Lois Moran
Lya de Putti
Jack Mulhall
Wm. Collier, Jr.

WEDNESDAY

"Nobody's Widow"

Leatrice Joy
Phyllis Haver
David Butler

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27 - 28 - 29

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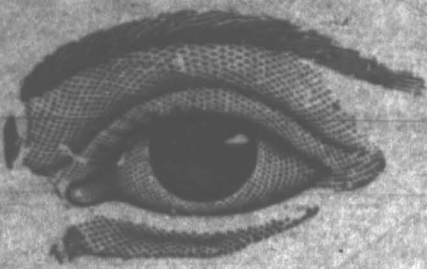
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will go to the Board of Trustees of the Sunset School.

The evening's entertainment will begin with songs by different groups of choruses, the first a mixed chorus and the second several numbers sung by boys alone. They will do a group of Bach. The little boys and girls of the second and third grades will sing some two part songs, including two by Mozart and Haydn. The fifth and sixth grades will sing a group of Schubert compositions.

After the intermission several two and three part songs will be sung by the girls of the fifth to the eighth grades, followed by a few numbers by mixed boys voices. After this, the pupils of Ruth Austin will dance to a cycle of five songs, called "Springtime." A chorus of seventy-five voices will sing from the main stage and the dancing will take place on the fore stage. The song cycle will consist of these five numbers, "Voice of the Southland," "The Two Robins," "Buttercups and Daisies," "Bigotty Bumble Bee," and "Away to the Woods."

The program will start at 7:30 o'clock. It is given under the direction of the music department of the Sunset Grammar School, and is presented with a view to letting the community know what the youngsters are capable of appreciating. Tickets will be on sale the middle of next week.

NOW COMES THE FIRST-RUN TO THE GOLDEN BOUGH

Now the Theatre of the Golden Bough will be a moving picture house, and a first-run house, at that. H. K. Busey takes over, on lease from Edward G. Kuster, Friday next, and opens that night with "The Plastic Age." Edward G. Kuster severs his connection with the theatre, except that he remains its owner; but H. K. Busey will have absolute management, and first-run moving pictures is Busey's métier.

The Theatre of the Golden Bough will have music as a moving picture theatre, and Mr. Busey promises it will not be canned. He has a pianist who can do her stuff on the

keyboard in a manner fitting a Steinway grand. She will play as the pictures unroll. She will play comedy and tragedy and ink wells. And if she isn't a Henry Cowell or a David Albano, she's good—damn good!

And the theatre is going to be heated properly as a moving picture palace. If anybody recalls shivering in the days of the Golden Bough's greatness, shivering with cold, not with the thrills of tragedy, let him forget it. The Golden Bough, first-run house, will be warm.

There will be other improvements in the Theatre of the Golden Bough under H. K. Busey's management, all for the comfort and pleasure of his patrons of the silver-sheet. For H. K. Busey knows the moving picture palace business; he is no amateur, or correspondence school graduate of the drama. Down in Los Angeles, where moving pictures are given birth, he was with the United Theatres Corporation, and the West Coast Theatre Company. And his programs will prove that he knows the game; comics, ink wells, news features will season the evening's pleasure of the first-run.

LOS GATOS PAGEANT

DIRECTED BY CYRIL

Arthur Cyril, former production manager for the Arts and Crafts, and actor and producer for Forest Theatre plays, has been chosen to direct the production this year of the Annual Los Gatos Pageant to be given June 24th and 25th.

The play, "La Primavera," was written especially for the mountain outdoor theatre of Los Gatos by E. Ignacio, a descendant of Jose Ortega, one of the founders of Monterey. Murieta, the crafty and cruel bandit of early California days, as seen through the eyes of this noted Spanish playwright, will furnish the theme of this spectacular drama. The title role will be taken by the youngest star who has ever held a leading role in California Pageantry, sixteen year old Jean McKinley, senior at the Los Gatos High School, whose exceptional work in dramatics has aroused the interest of the dramatic world.

One of the most spectacular stage "props" will be a twenty foot waterfall of living water, whose everflowing music is typical of the stream of life portrayed in the drama. And again this year the "water-curtain" will be used between acts. This stage arrangement aroused interest in many quarters, and was extensively written up in England. The size of the stage precludes the use of a real curtain, so when the act ends a screen of water-spray is turned on at the footlights. Shifting colored lights make the "curtain" a sight of beauty while the noise of back-stage activity is drowned by the music of the band.

"La Primavera" is hailed by a number of competent critics as one of the most interesting and significant plays ever chosen for community production in California.

ROMANTIC DRAMA AT MANZANITA THEATRE

"I prayed and God gave me twenty cents."

That is the way Herbert Brenon's latest Paramount production ends. "God Gave Me Twenty Cents" is a tale of two men—one good, the other bad; of two women—one a mere child, the other hard; and of two dimes—both false. With the aid of these two crooked dimes, one woman almost succeeds in wrecking the happiness of her rival. The picture, "God Gave Me Twenty Cents," is fraught with romance, color, action and drama and depicts the New

Orlean's water front during a Mardi Gras carnival. Four great stars, Lois Moran, Lya de Putti, Jack Mulhall and William Collier Jr. are featured in this big production coming to the Manzanita theater May 23rd and 24th.

HIGH AND LOW TIDES AT CARMEL

	Low	High		Low	High
May	Time	Height		Time	Height
20	6:30am	0.7 ft		2:30pm	4.0 ft
	6:32pm	3.4 ft		11:38pm	5.0 ft
21	7:45am	0.4 ft		3:35pm	4.1 ft
	7:37pm	3.4 ft			
	High			Low	
22	0:29am	4.5 ft		8:40am	0.5 ft
	4:24pm	4.2 ft		8:50pm	3.3 ft
23	1:41am	4.5 ft		9:32am	3 ft
	5:08pm	4.5 ft		10:09pm	3.0 ft
24	3:12am	4.3 ft		10:27am	0.1 ft
	5:47pm	4.8 ft		11:25pm	2.3 ft
25	4:49am	4.1 ft		11:30am	0.2 ft
	6:23pm	5.2 ft			
	Low			High	
26	0:39am	1.5 ft		6:14am	4.1 ft
	12:11pm	0.6 ft		6:59pm	5.9 ft

Dr. Emily Harrison, former Carmelite, recently returned from a trip to Belfast, Ireland, and London. She is the guest of Mrs. Louise B. Dutton for a few days.

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There Was the Days

True, Nearly True, & Otherwise Tales of Carmel

XII.

It was well along toward noon of a summer morning, and I was straddling a shingle-saddle on my roof when the schoolbell rang. It wasn't the hour for any bell, nor did it ring for a normal purpose; an excited, an alarming bell, clanging madly.

I looked for signs of fire. From my lofty perch, I could see much of the town as it was in those days, but there was no flame or smoke. Then, too, the fire alarm was a large triangle at the horse trough at the head of Ocean avenue; seldom now was the schoolbell used; and I had a certainty that this mad ringing meant some other calamity.

I slid down the ladder, and started

on a run for town. Before I reached the Pudan house, Helen and Kit Cooke in a buggy, driving a galloping horse, slowed enough to let me climb up behind. Helen at the reins and Kit plying the whip both shouted questions at me. I shook my head, and hung on.

Other men and women ran toward town center, or galloped by on horseback. They were gathering from everywhere. What was it? What had happened? No one seemed able to answer. Yet the bell kept up its clangor down at the school. We whipped into the deep sand of Ocean avenue, and saw a group of men and women milling in front of the Carmel Development Company's office.

I dropped off the buggy's tail-board and elbowed into the crowd. Fred Bechdel was there, seemingly giving orders, while his horse stood with drooped head at the end of the bridle reins. I heard him say, "You, Tom, take a couple of men and patrol the beach." Reardon dropped out, and glanced about, selecting his helpers, while Fred picked leaders for a search of the P.I. grounds, of the Eighty Acres, and the bottom lands along the river. I made to Tom Reardon, and offered my services, asking what had happened.

"Miss Vestal is missing," he replied. "I'll explain as we get to the beach." He called to Ed Payne to come on. The three of us hastened toward the shore.

Miss Vestal, a teacher at the village school, had been living with Miss Williamson, the other teacher in a cottage on Lincoln street. Early this morning, Miss Williamson had entered her friend's room to find her gone, lightly clad, almost as she had come from her bed. A watch left on the bureau had stopped at half past three.

There had been no fear at first. The girl had taken a stroll in the dawn, had gone farther than she intended, would shortly return. Later, Miss Williamson, growing anxious, started hunting for her friend. Others had joined in. Then came the general alarm.

On the beach at the bathhouse, we separated, Tom and I taking the way to the north, going as far as the Chinese fishing village beyond the lodge, coming back through the woods. There were searchers all through the thick forests that covered the hills, we learned from one of them, so we got back to our stretch of rocks and sand.

Ed Payne came up from his patrol of the shore line to Lobos. He had met members of the river party, and learned from them that a squadron of Cavalry had been sent from the Presidio at Monterey to assist in the search. He continued on over the line we had just taken, while Tom and I headed southward down the beach.

Each bunch of drifting seaweed, or the bulbs of kelp bobbing up and down beyond the surf gave us a gruesome thrill. It would be so easy to pass, if it were out there beyond the breakers. Now and then one of us would wade out a distance for a closer survey of some suspicious floating thing, always to find it driftwood, or seaweed.

When we got hungry, we climbed up the bank at Conker's Cove, and made over to our house for luncheon. Bertha, while she fed us, told the latest news, rumors of long wo-

men seen far up the Valley, and been found crossing the lot back of to the end of Cypress Point, up and down the shoreline. Others came and stayed awhile, searching. They would have late news, perhaps; the troopers had been taken out of the hunt, but would come back ready

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to spend the night in the saddle if she were not found by then. Frank Devendorf and Joe Hand would keep the office open all night; it would be headquarters for us to report to, and the women would have food and hot coffee to serve them. Late in the afternoon, Fred Bechdoit rode down to tell us to get supper, then take up the patrol again until midnight, when he would send down two men to relieve us.

I had dinner at home, got into heavier clothing, for the night would be cold, and suggested to Bertha that she stay with the Cooks until I came back. She said that she

wasn't afraid, and intended having a pot of coffee on the fire for us to come up to as we passed the cave. Taking the bug—a candle set in a tin coffee-can—for a torch, I went back and found Tom waiting me at the bathhouse.

There were plenty of searchers during the early hours of night on the beach; candles gleamed like fireflies; here and there a driftwood pile blazed high; coffee pots were frequent. And there were several alarms, as tangled mats of seaweed came in on the tide, looking in the torchgleam, more like something else. Then one of the searchers

heard, or thought he heard, the school bell, which was to be rung if the girl was found, or the search given over for any reason. It may have been a cowbell on some stray in the meadow on the Point, or pure imagination, but it carried most of the beach people away, and they did not return.

Tom Reardon and I made our slow way over the sands and rocks at the edge of the sea, casting the rays of our candle lanterns out to where the breakers combed. Too much kelp, with its deceiving bulbous roots, looking like other things in the dim light of our flickering

lamps. We passed the mouth of the river, sand-closed, and clambered over the wet rocks beyond, scanning each pool as we came to it.

"Better start back," I suggested to Tom. "It will be midnight by the time we reach the bathhouse."

"Let's make the mouth of San Jose creek. The tide must be near flood now, and if anything's coming in—"

"What's that?" I pointed. We scrambled and slid down the rock. Only drifted weed on the crest of the surf. We plodded ahead. In the pool at the mouth of the creek were things to investigate by candle light.

Then we turned back.

No one waited at the bath house to take over our jobs. No one anywhere on the beach now save ourselves. After sitting a time on the planking, we resumed the patrol northward to Pebble Beach, then back to the bath house. Still no relieving detail.

"We'll see if Bertha has that coffee-pot on the fire," I said.

Bertha had; also had sandwiches. Also she had a watchdog, that had come to her in the night. That had been a startling thing, for the beast had clawed at the door while Bertha sat before the fireplace, reading. How she found nerve to get to the door and open it I don't know; I doubt my own courage on such a night. But she had, and this big, stranger dog had walked in and taken charge of her, and the house. He got up from in front of the fire and welcomed Tom and me with a slow wagging tail.

Refreshed, Tom and I went back on our job. Still nobody at the bath house to take over. We had evidently been forgotten, or they were short of searchers now. The night passed slowly. With dawn, the tide had turned, and there was no longer the chance of its bringing in the things that drifted out there. We gave over, went home, and to bed.

Another day, and a third of search in ever widening circles. Then in the afternoon, three lads, Herbert Hand, Douglass Green and Lawrence Bloom found the poor girl's body beside the rocks a short way above the bath house. Carmel's first search was over.

and

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY PETITION FOR CHANGE OF NAME SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, In and For the County of Monterey.

In the Matter of the Application of Christian Science Society of Carmel, California, a corporation, for a Change of Its Name.

Christian Science Society of Carmel, California, a non-profit corporation duly organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, and Oliver M. Gale, Vivian K. Denny, Minnie Lee Peckham, Jessie Arms Botke and Paul J. Denny, a majority of the Directors thereof, having filed and presented an Application and their Petition that the name of said Christian Science Society of Carmel, California, be changed to First Church of Christ, Scientist, Carmel, California.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in said matter appear before the Superior Court of Monterey, at the Courtroom thereof in the County Courthouse in the City of Salinas, County of Monterey, State of California, on Thursday, the 26th day of May, 1927, at the hour of 1:30 o'clock p.m., or as soon thereafter as Counsel can be heard, to show cause why the application for such change of name should not be granted.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of said application and of this Order be given by publication in CARMEL PINE CONE, a newspaper of general circulation, printed, published and circulated in said County of Monterey, State of California, for four successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated this 18th day of April, 1927.

FRED A. TREAT,
Judge of said Superior Court.

First publication, April 22, 1927.
Last publication, May 20, 1927.

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Phone Carmel 2

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An authoritative, vital message and Public Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday.
Sunday School, 10 a.m.
I. M. Terwilliger, Minister
Strangers cordially welcomed.

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Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon at 11 a.m. Sunday School at 9:45 a.m.

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CARMEL.
North Monte Verde Street
Sunday Service 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Tuesday and Saturday, 2 to 5 p.m. Friday, 7 to 9 p.m. Closed holidays.

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Cor. Pearl and Houston Sts.
(Adjoining R. L. Stevenson House)
Sunday Service 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays.

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All are cordially invited to attend the services and visit the Reading Room.

Unity Hall

THE HIGHER THOUGHT

Sunday, May 22

Subject: "Finding Yourself."

Telephone 23-W

Dolores St., bet. Eighth and Ninth

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CARMEL HIGHLANDS WATERFRONT—Acreage—homesites. Roads, water and electricity. Beach rights. Rich soil. Low prices. Easy terms.

CABIN SITES in Carmel Valley. Laureles Outing Club. Woodland lots. Roads and water. Electric line through tract. Tea house in grounds. An easy drive of twenty minutes from Carmel. Terms.

MISCELLANEOUS

EMPLOYMENT Agency & Public Stenographer. Houses opened for occupancy. Ruth Higby Carmel Service Bureau. Monte Verde, bet. Ocean and 7th, east side. Phone 665-W.

YOUR OLD GOWN remodeled and alterations expertly made at the Myra B. Shop, opposite the Post office. Phone 66-J, Carmel.

CARPENTER WORK, REPAIRS, FURNITURE, AND GENERAL JOBBING. W. A. Beckett, 6th Ave. near San Carlos, Box 931, Carmel.

LESSONS given in conversational German. Fitz Krejick. Phone Carmel 235-M. Carmel 40.

EMPLOYMENT Agency and Public Stenographer. Houses opened for occupancy. Ruth Higby Carmel Service Bureau. Monte Verde, east side, bet. Ocean and 7th. Phone 665-W.

Deed: Lee L. Jacks et al to L. Lauritzen, April 25, 1921, \$10. Lots 4 and 5, blk. 146, 4th Add. Pacific Grove.

Deed: L. Lauritzen and wife to Chester J. Raymond and Minnie M. Raymond, joint tenants, Feb. 23, \$10. Same as above deed.

Deed: Chester J. Raymond and wife to Anna C. Lauritzen, Feb. 28, \$10. Lot 26 and S. 15 ft. of 24, blk. B, Pacific Grove Retreat.

Deed: G. W. Brazelton and wife to John M. Boyle and Francine Boyle, March 5, \$10. S 1-2 of lot 11, blk. 2, Monterey Heights.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—The home of George E. Stone at Carmel Highlands. One acre of sea coast, wooded, large house of reinforced concrete. Every convenience, garages, terraced gardens, etc. A magnificent property. See owner on premises, or write George E. Stone, Carmel or any agent.

WANTED—Hear from owner good ranch for sale. Cash price, particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE MOST beautiful line of Lily-ming Oriental wearing apparel ever shown at the Myra B. Shop.

FOR SALE—Two beautifully wooded lots on Guadalupe St. on high ground, with view of ocean. Charles T. Hecker, Real Estate Broker, Ocean Ave. Phone 181.

HELP WANTED

HANDY MAN does gardening, trimming and curing trees, build rock or brick walls, patios, carpentering, painting. Wants WORK. Reasonable rates. Box 632.

WANTED—A companion from 6 to 10 p.m. daily. Must be a reader. \$35.00 a month. Enquire Pine Cone office.

PRIVATE sale of antique furniture. 221 Van Buren St., Monterey.

HELP WANTED—Young man for general garage floor work. One experienced in Ford repairing preferred. Carmel Garage.

POSITION—Chinese young man desires position as cook in family. Eighth ave. bet. San Carlos and Mission, Carmel. Ask for Pong Yon.

FOR RENT

FOR SALE—Conveniently and picturesquely situated, 4-room house. Bath, fireplace, breakfast nook, electric water heater and cook stove, etc. Garage, three lots. Phone Carmel 235-M. Carmel 40.

NOTICE

I, Rojello J. Castro, of the County of Monterey, State of California, the present owner of the land hereinbelow described, do hereby give notice that I will, on the 31st day of May, 1927, apply to the Register of the State Land Office, at Sacramento, California, for a duplicate Certificate of Purchase, No. 2706 issued to David Castro dated October 30, 1896, on Location No. 11732, San Francisco Land District, for Lot 9 of Section 5, T. 20 S., R. 2 E., M.D. M., in the county of Monterey, State of California, containing 22.55 acres.

ROJELLO J. CASTRO

First publication, April 22, 1927.
Last publication, May 20, 1927.

Deed: Hobart P. Glassell and Lot 7, and W. 25 ft. of E 1-2 of 10, Same as above deed.

Decree of Distribution: Est. of George P. Nidever to Cora Nidever, Apr 1, Lots 2 & 4, Blk 7; Lot 10, Blk 8; Vista Del Rey Tract, Lot 2463, Blk 35, Map 3 Del Monte Heights, Lot 12, Blk 255, Pacific Grove Bench.

In case of fire, call 100.

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VAUDEVILLE

MONDAY

TUESDAY

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"SUMMER BACHELORS"

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And a Big Supporting Cast

Wednesday

DORIS KENYON

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Another big emotional drama that will take you by surprise.

Jetta Goudal

-in-

"WHITE GOLD"

"HOWDY DUKE"

Comedy

Mary Had A Little Lam At Current Happenings

One day last week, as I was just coming from Mr. Watson's shoe repairing place, (because heels will run over) I heard a smash, bang, crush, the breaking of glass and screaming of brakes, looking over in the direction the sound came from, at the corner of the Carmel Garage Mrs. Harper of the Forest Hill School was setting in her Chrysler Coupe which looked the worst for wear and which was the result of all the noise I heard, the helpers of the Garage came out and moved the machine away from the telephone pole which does not stand straight now. And Mrs. Harper is walking for a while anyway.

One would have to be deaf, dumb and blind, not to have noticed the old stage office building being torn down until just now it looks like a skeleton, all the carpenters, and truck loads of lumber being hauled, the new building in the back and numerous other improvements including the upstairs which is being made over into two apartments. The first thing I thought of was the new owners of the stage line was making more room for the buses and touring cars, then that thought was wrong. I overheard a couple talking and they said it was going to be a service station and the stage office was going to be moved. I wanted the truth so I go to visit Mr. Gould and he tells me that it is where Mr. and Mrs. Robert Erickson will move and conduct the business of the Carmel Dairy, the stage office will stay right where it is and Mr. and Mrs. Erickson will occupy the back apartment upstairs.

All last week, as I was walking to and from work, (which I do now-a-days to reduce) and even in my daily rides over the hill, I noticed signs in big black faced letters, which read HERE WEDNESDAY, they were tacked on trees, sign boards and every available space at hand. On Wednesday morning, I was very near beside myself with curiosity, so, when I arrived at work the first thing I saw was a bright two-tone brown, spotless, new machine with a sign on it, IT IS HERE in front of Paul Denny's Show room. With a hop, skip and a jump I was over there, (don't forget the pad and pencil I always carry with me) inquiring what, when and how. Mr. Denny informed me it is a Falcon-Knight. Then it was just a few days when I saw Mr. Hecker driving one of the pretty machines about. It sure pays to advertise.

Measles, measles, measles. Gus was just telling me there has been thirty-two cases reported so far, among the families that have been pestered with the disease are the Harbols on ninth and Monte Verde, the Hodges in Hatton Fields; lets hope the horses are alright, and the Whitcombs in the eighty acres.

It seems that the public does not take much notice of Carmel's Volunteer Fire Department, only when a fire gets beyond one of Robt. Leidig's famous fire extinguishers. The minute the siren sounds the boys run, regardless of where they are, how they are, or what they are wearing. But, yet the Carmelites talk about a Recreation Center, when the members of the fire department haven't even a club-room

large enough for entertainments of any kind, not even speaking of a fund whereby they could replace a suit of clothes or a pair of oxfords if ruined by chemicals or water.

So, to alter this situation, the wives of the respective members have organized a Ladies Auxiliary of the Carmel Fire Department, which was formed Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Leidig, with Mrs. Leidig as president, Mrs. G. M. Whitcomb, vice president, Mrs. Chas. Guth, secretary and treasurer, and Mrs. Harry Turner and Mrs. E. Littlefield on the entertainment committee. The real purpose of this organization is a drive for funds to be made in the near future. The women are asking the support of the public which they are sure to get if the Carmelites will only think the matter over.

BOY SCOUT NEWS

The Carmel Troop went swimming in the Del Monte open plunge two Thursdays ago. Bob Cone passed his First Class swimming test while Scott Douglass did his requirements for Life Saving. These consist of going down from the surface of the water and bringing up an object at least twelve inches in diameter and weighing not less than twelve pounds; undressing in water and swimming one hundred yards; showing how to break various death grips in the water, and demonstrating method of artificial respiration.

Other Scouts who were not quite ready to pass any of their swimming tests practiced and received instruction from Mr. Normand. Then, after a free-for-all plunge contest, we got dressed and left for home.

Last Monday the Carmel Scouts met in their shack and marched over to the school where the Court of Honor was being held. The record attendance was not from Carmel, although a good many people were there. Monterey people constituted most of the audience.

The program opened with a call for the fellows going up for Tenderfoot. Carlyle Lewis and Alfred Durney represented Carmel in this. More fellows seem to be joining the Scouts every time which is just what is wanted. After getting their badges they left the platform and Al Rhodes, presiding officer, called for boys for Second Class. Dick Watson and G. Dorwart received their badges for Carmel. The next scouts to go up were those for First Class. They were asked questions of what they would do in certain first aid emergencies, what branch of Scouting they liked best, and were made to demonstrate artificial respiration.

Then, up one more rung, came the aspirants for merit badges. Scott Douglass, Ambrose Love, Stanley Bishop, Martin Leidig, Charles Grimshaw, and John Rockwell represented Carmel. The fellows all knew their "stuff" well. After presenting these numerous badges, we were shown the art plaque of the First Class badge which is the first prize in the inter-troop rally, and a duplicate of the pennant which will be second prize.

Mr. Simpson, of Monterey then gave us an inspirational talk on our work in the Scouts. It had a lot of snap. The patrol leaders of the Carmel Troop were called up and presented with a large American

flag by the Carmel Masonic club, sponsors for the Troop. Douglass Rogers of Pacific Grove led all the Scouts in the oath, and the meeting adjourned.

DIVINE WORSHIP

Sunday morning at Carmel Community church Rev. I. M. Terwilliger will preach on "The Fourth Commandment." Read Exodus 20:8. Realizing that church attendance is part of the Christian religion our people are making an effort to attend service every Sabbath unless prevented by sickness or misfortune.

The "Automobile Attendance Contest" of the Carmel Epworth League has started. Two cars are entered to race from Carmel to New York. Welton Campbell is driving the Ford, and Bert Young the Essex. They are off for a fairly even start, one crew making 235 miles the first

Sunday and the other 245 miles. Mileage is awarded on the basis of new members secured, members present on time (7:30 p.m.), visitors, and participation in League activities. Eighteen young people were present last Sunday, and more are expected this week.

This coming month marks the 150th anniversary of the adoption of the American flag by Congress. Joint celebration of this event and Memorial Day will be held at the Carmel Community Church on Sunday evening, May 29, when Rev. I. M. Terwilliger will deliver his special lecture on "The Making of the Flag." This will be a community affair in which all citizens of Carmel are invited to participate.

Rev. I. M. Terwilliger delivered a lecture in the Methodist Church of Hollister Wednesday evening, May 18th.

SURE CURE

An inspection of HATTON FIELDS home sites will cure the feeling that it is no longer possible to find space and seclusion at a reasonable price in this most interesting of village communities.

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